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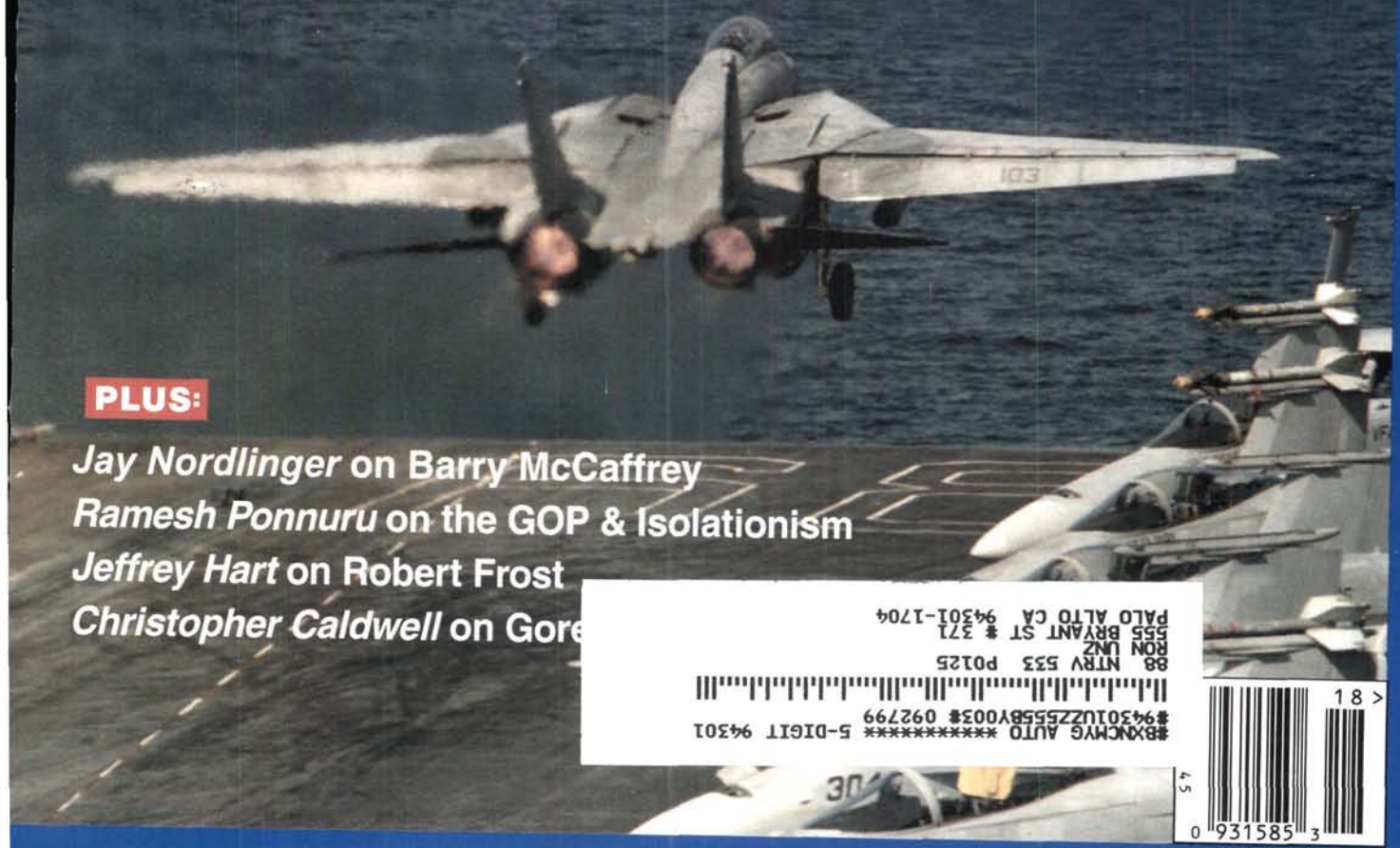

PLUS:

Jay Nordlinger on Barry McCaffrey
Ramesh Ponnuru on the GOP & Isolationism
Jeffrey Hart on Robert Frost
Christopher Caldwell on Gore

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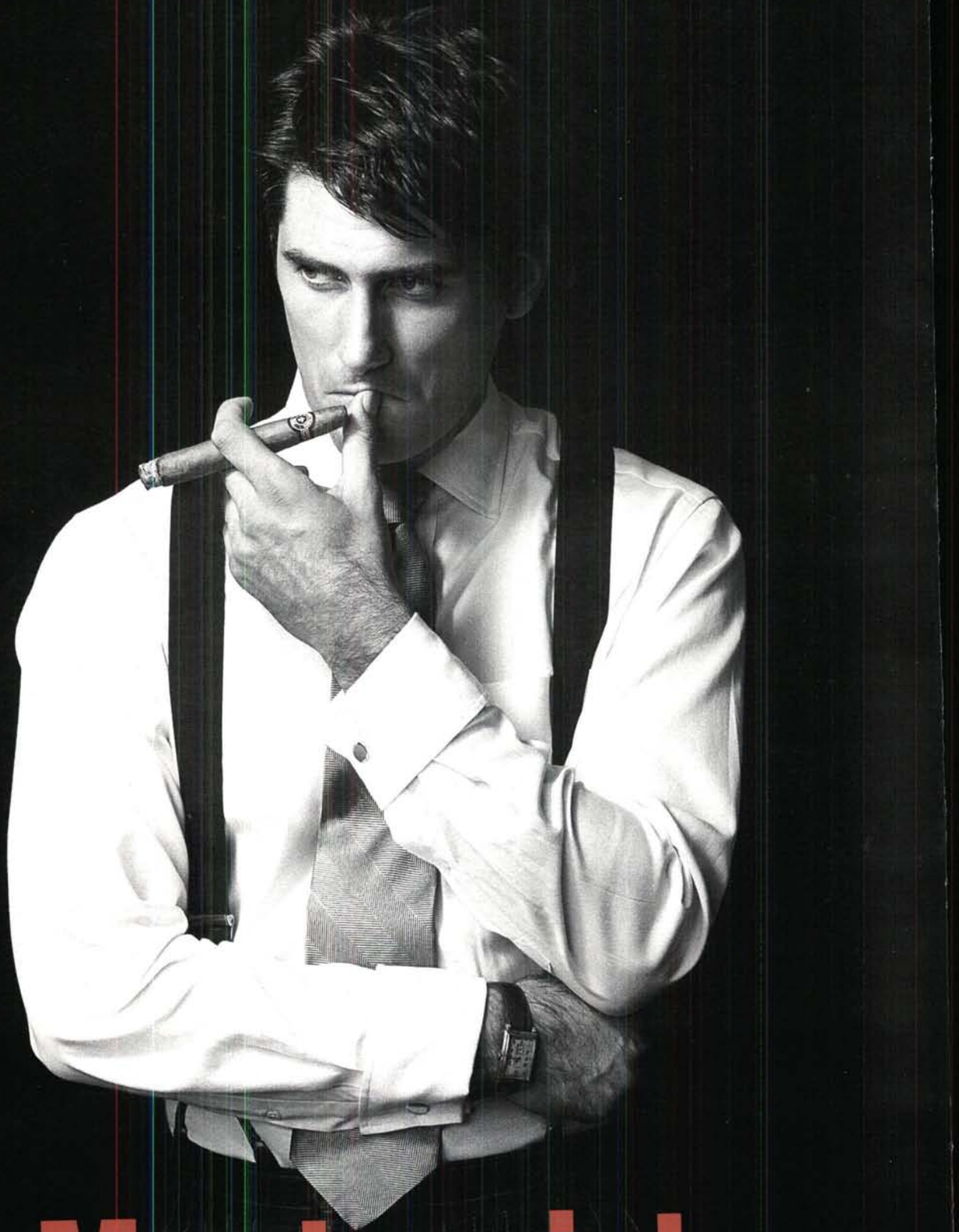

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■ LETTERS ■

WOE TO LAKE WOEBEGON

I just finished reading Jay Nordlinger's article on Garrison Keillor ("The Political Garrison Keillor," April 19), and I couldn't be happier. I was a Keillor dupe for over 20 years. No doubt about it, he's a funny and talented man . . . and very subtle in what he does. It wasn't until 1994 that it finally occurred to me what type of person he really is—a tired old man with a troubled soul. Thanks for a great article.

Franklin Dohanyos
Detroit, Mich.

POISONED IVY

Naomi Schaefer thinks conservatives should encourage academia's efforts to abolish undergraduate societies ("Campus Crackdown," April 5). She furthermore faults an article I wrote in *The Dartmouth Review* for resisting the college's proposed elimination of its Greek system—"the article even quoted approvingly the executive director of the New Hampshire Civil Liberties Union," she exclaims, in apparent puzzlement.

Yet such alliances have become increasingly common on college campuses. At Brown University, the College Republicans have teamed up with the ACLU to combat campus speech codes. The drive to terminate fraternities at Williams College elicited opposition from such strange bedfellows as the ACLU and the Christian Coalition.

These alliances form because the liberal ideology that dominates the modern academy has abandoned its civil-libertarian heritage in favor of an authoritarian brand of political correctness. Campus controversies over regulation of student speech and private conduct are not isolated incidents of ideological excess but part of a new paternalism that should be, and is, odious to conservatives and civil libertarians alike.

Undergraduate societies allow students to organize and dissent from regnant political orthodoxy. The Dartmouth administration wants to end the college's Greek system precisely because it presents a barrier to the imposition of an ideological agenda. By controlling campus "social spaces" administrators hope to govern students' out-of-classroom lives.

Naomi Schaefer may think it a good idea to let universities act *in loco parentis*. But real parents should think twice before allowing today's brand of college administrator to mother their children.

Steven Menashi
Hanover, N.H.

DOMESTIC ABUSE

In his March 22 article "Amnesty *v.* America," Arch Puddington claims that human-rights groups are undermining their reputations abroad by focusing on human-rights violations in the United States.

But is it trivial that guards sexually abuse women prisoners, or that police officers repeatedly brutalize suspects, or that children in custody are beaten? Is the long-term jailing and mistreatment of asylum-seekers trivial? These are some of the abuses that human-rights groups have helped to expose and worked to curb in the United States.

Human-rights victims can be found not only in faraway countries but also here at home. It would be a failure of the human-rights cause *not* to address these abuses.

Allyson Collins
Washington, D.C.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

I am surprised that Steven Hayward ("Suburban Legends," March 22) failed to look at the Napa Valley for proof of his assertions against the "smart growth" movement. For the most part, movements to curb urban sprawl and suburban growth began in the Republican suburbs, not in the central cities.

In Napa Valley, for example, the local agriculture-preservation movement won its first victory in 1968 when a mostly Republican board of supervisors passed a historic down-zoning of agricultural areas to 40-acre minimums. Had prime Napa Valley farmland been paved over by sprawling suburban development as in other Bay Area regions, Napa's $2 billion premium wine/tourist industry could not have developed as it has.

The marketplace has its vital function in society. But it is a means, not an end. Unfortunately this is an essential lesson that free-market extremists refuse to understand.

Michael D. Setty
Napa, Calif.

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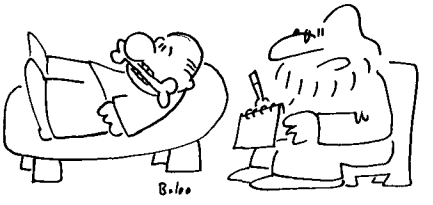
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ **Bill Clinton** tells **Dan Rather**, "I do not regard this impeachment vote as some great badge of shame. I do not. Because I do not believe it was warranted, and I don't think it was right." . . . Announcing his support for hate-crimes bill, Bill Clinton says **Slobodan Milosevic** should accept " deployment of an international security force to protect not only the Kosovar Albanians . . . but also the Serbian minority in Kosovo. Everybody. We're not for anybody's hate crimes." . . . **George W. Bush** opposes making violence against homosexuals a "hate crime," while Gov. **Tom Ridge** (R., Pa.), often mentioned as possible Bush running mate, supports idea. . . . Meanwhile, New Hampshire House, in lopsided vote, repeals ban on gay adoptions.

■ **John McCain** wins media praise for (grudging and critical) support of Clinton on Kosovo. On CNN, **Bob Novak** asks him whether praise from left-wing journalists embarrasses him. Reply: "I'm so wounded when you criticize me, Bob, that it makes up for all the good feelings I have when they praise me." . . . McCain wins support of House manager **Lindsey Graham** (R., S.C.). . . . **John Kasich** says Bush "is going to have the best driver in the bag, but he's got to play all 18 holes. All I've got to do is go out and play my game." . . . Ex-Pres. **Bush** on **Dan Quayle**: "He kept his chin up, and now it is a wonderful thing, because many of his critics who were all over his case when he talked about the values of our society . . . now recognize that he was right all along." . . . **Gore** advisors worry as veep faces ridicule for statements on Internet, his history as a farmer. Among critics: Republican Leadership Council, usually known for attacks on "divisive" social conservatives, and RNC. . . . Gore on his 1992 book *Earth in the Balance*, widely derided for extremism: "There is not a single passage in that book that I disagree with, or would change."

■ Sen. **Rick Santorum** (R., Pa.) on **Madeleine Albright**: "Every day she commits malpractice in office, and we can't afford that. We need someone competent in charge of this situation." He calls **Sandy Berger** "equally incompetent." . . . Louisiana Republican Gov. **Mike Foster**: "Most people I know in Louisiana would prefer to be proud of their state [rather] than to get into a big tax-cutting mode . . . I have not been a big advocate of tax cutting." . . . Montana Republican Gov. **Marc Racicot** balks at tax cuts, supports increase. . . . In an unusual move, Republican Senatorial Committee plans to endorse New Jersey governor **Christine Todd Whitman**'s Senate candidacy before primary challengers are announced . . . Whitman campaign announces finance chairmen, **Candace Straight** and **Lew Eisenberg**. Eisenberg has raised money for **Walter Mondale** and Oregon Democrat **Ron Wyden**; Straight, head of pro-abortion



"Mr. Ferguson, you're one sick puppy."

Republican group, for Democrats **Barbara Boxer**, **Dianne Feinstein**, **Elizabeth Holtzman**, and **Jill Long**. . . . GAO tells Congress that 24 major agencies don't properly account for their $466 billion in assets. After GAO and CBO say Clinton's Social Security numbers don't add up, Democrats denounce both offices as partisan. . . . IRS plans to double staff in its nonprofit division. . . . House Democrats sell weekend at **Kennedy** compound in Hyannis Port to $100,000 donors to "Team 2000" fund.

■ As part of "Take Our Daughters to Work" day, Ms. Foundation sells 72 trading cards featuring "Women of Honor," including Communist **Angela Davis**, pro-abortion lawyer **Sarah Weddington**, MTV's **Tabitha Soren**, **Judy Blume**, **Queen Latifah**, **Pat Schroeder**. . . . On "Pay Equity Day," Independent Women's Forum releases monograph, *Women's Figures: An Illustrated Guide to the Economic Progress of Women*. To order, call 1-800-224-6000. . . . Brigham Young University and University of New Mexico drop five men's sports teams; both cite Title IX "gender-equity" rules. . . . Washington Redskins lose trademark protection because name considered insulting to American Indians. . . . **Tom Monaghan** uses $50 million of Domino's pizza fortune to start "the ideal Catholic law school," Ave Maria School of Law. First professor: **Robert Bork**. . . . **Frances Kissling**, head of Catholics for a Free Choice, on Vatican's U.N. status: "Why should an entity that is in essence 100 square acres of office space and tourist attractions in the middle of Rome with a citizenry that excludes women and children have a place at the table where governments set policies affecting the very survival of women and children?" . . . **Ted Turner**'s Better World Foundation will spend $12 million over two years to lobby U.S. to pay U.N. dues.

■ Czech opposition leader **Vaclav Klaus** expresses "disappointment" over air strikes in Yugoslavia, but president **Vaclav Havel** says denunciations create an "isolationist and, in the long run, extremely dangerous mood." . . . Former German chancellor **Helmut Schmidt** opposes strikes: "Held on a leash by the United States, we have failed to respect international law and the United Nations charter." . . . Poland, Hungary, and Czech Republic, supposedly "full and equal" NATO members, get secrets about Kosovo operation on need-to-know basis. . . . **Benjamin Netanyahu** on European Union's support for Palestinian independence: "It is particularly regrettable that Europe, where one-third of the Jewish people perished, has seen fit to try to impose a solution that endangers the State of Israel and runs counter to its interests." . . . Deputy president **Thabo Mbeki** unveils ANC's "election manifesto," warning that South Africa's "haves" will have to do more for "have-nots" in post-**Mandela** era.

■ **Warren Christopher** at unveiling of his official portrait: "To anyone who's served in Washington, there's something oddly familiar about it. First you're painted into a corner, then you're hung out to dry, and finally you're framed." **NR**

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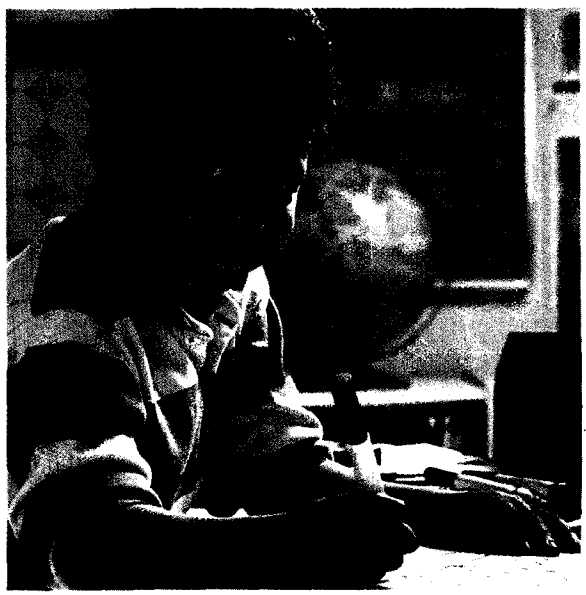

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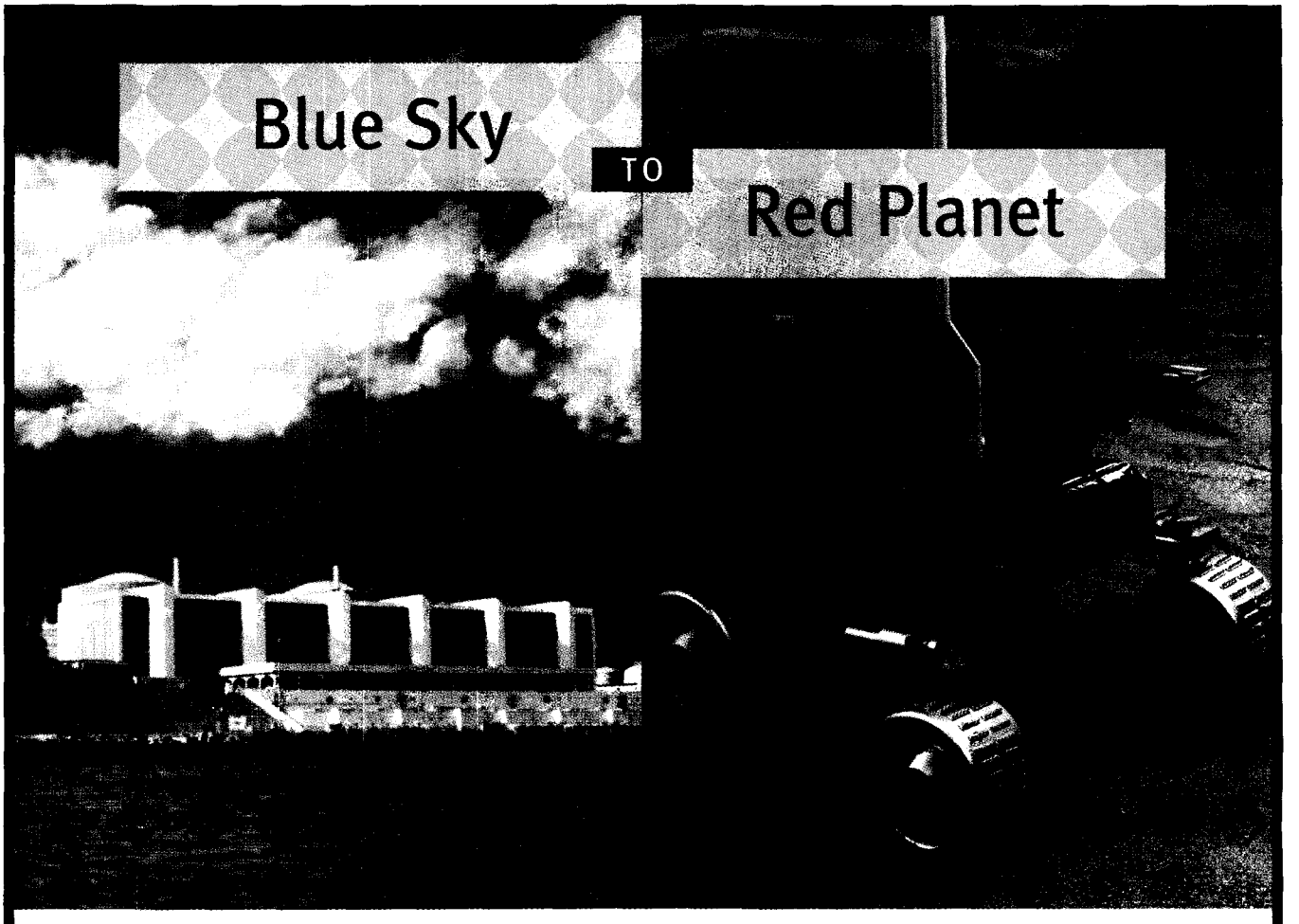

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THE WEEK

■ At the rate he's going, President Clinton will have to get impeached to distract attention from his bombing.

■ Judge Susan Webber Wright held Clinton in civil contempt for his lies in the Paula Jones case, lies that she found "were designed to obstruct the judicial process." The ruling, made in response to a charge filed by the Landmark Legal Foundation, is incontestable on the merits. But this justice was too long delayed. Judge Wright, in attempting to stay out of the political process of impeachment, nonetheless affected it by depriving Congress of important information. Not that it would have changed the outcome. Too bad no one can (legally speaking) hold the Senate in contempt.

■ So if Clinton gets disbarred, does that mean he doesn't have the ethics to be a *lawyer*?

■ President Bush, in defense of his verbal ineptitude, used to say, "I don't articulate much, but . . ." Only he wouldn't say "I," of course; and he'd pronounce "articulate" as an adjective, not as a verb. But it was endearing, sort of. Enter George W. The other day, according to reports, he referred to the Kosovars as "Kosovoians" and to the forces opposing Slobodan Milosevic as "NATO and its allies and the United States." Every public figure, as every person, sometimes trips over his tongue and fumbles his ideas. But Republicans have run enough candidates who can't talk. Wouldn't be prudent to run another.

■ Elizabeth Dole declared that while she would like to ban abortion, a Human Life Amendment is not possible and the debate over it should thus be abandoned as "irrelevant and divisive." Because of the "inordinate focus on an amendment," she says, "urgent issues such as domestic violence, child care, sexual harassment, women's health, and the financial security of women are nearly ignored." The GOP platform should be changed to "add the fact that good and honorable people disagree on the subject of abortion" and that "we should agree to respectfully disagree." We should "stop partial-birth abortions, enact parental notification requirements," and promote adoption. Let the respectful disagreement begin. First, disagreement among good and honorable people is hardly so unusual as to require a declaration specifically on abortion. Second, NOW and the like have already made sure that women's health, etc., get plenty of (often misleading) attention, while the unborn are still waiting for their Violence Against Women Act. Third, it is temporizing of the sort Mrs. Dole is engaged in that invites further scrutiny from the press: Would a President Dole work to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, for example? Finally, Mrs. Dole's minimalist agenda abandons legal protection for all members of the human race as a working goal rather than an airy wish. In her, the GOP now has its first objectively pro-choice candidate.

■ Jesse Jackson declared at a rally that the Diallo shooting in New York demonstrates it is "open season on blacks." Which is exactly the phrase he used two decades ago, attributing the Atlanta serial killings of black children to the early Reagan administration's skepticism about affirmative action. Al Sharpton, for his part, is "advising" the grieving parents of Diallo, which in this case means parading them around on a 16-city tour. Neither Jackson nor Sharpton is quite able to conceal his joy at the Diallo killing and the political opportunities it affords. When it comes to preying on racially charged tragedies, it's always open season.

■ The Defense Department has announced that it will be sending Certificates of Recognition to all veterans and selected civilians—in foreign service, DoD, intelligence—who served in the Cold War. Unlike the First or the Second, the Cold War ended without a Verdun, a D-Day, or a Stalingrad. But many Americans labored for victory, and many of them died. In light of this sacrifice, the certificate is a flimsy token: not even a medal, one step up from a parking-lot sticker. More appropriate would be a monument—perhaps in Fulton, Missouri, where Winston Churchill (with Harry Truman listening) delivered his Iron Curtain speech; perhaps in a permanently Americanized sliver of Berlin, where John F. Kennedy said, "Ich bin ein Berliner," and Ronald Reagan said, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" As this evil century ends, our victory in its last great conflict deserves commemoration, and its heroes should be recognized before what Lincoln called "the silent artillery of time" begins to sweep them away.

■ In a familiar rite of spring, leftists brought protesters from points north to throw garbage in the yard of a Washington politician who threatens their cash cow—the Community Reinvestment Act. This year the home of Phil Gramm, the new chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, was targeted by 13 busloads of revelers. Under the act, liberal community groups can exercise an effective veto over many bank mergers or expansions by complaining about allegedly "racist and classist" lending practices. Banks can get off the hook by making huge payoffs to local nonprofits, adopting race quotas on hiring, and establishing set-asides for minority businesses. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the merger of NationsBank and BankAmerica included payoffs worth $350 billion

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over ten years. Sen. Gramm, for his part, wants to put a stop to this type of thing. And he is not so easily intimidated. After all, his favorite local community group defended the Alamo.

■ Libya has handed over the two alleged perpetrators of the 1988 terrorist bombing of Pan Am 103. They will stand trial in Holland by Scottish judges under Scottish law. (Hey, isn't that what Arlen Specter specializes in?) It's a bad deal. Qaddafi will gain an early lifting of international economic sanctions no matter what the verdict. The U.S. and U.K. have dropped their demands that the Libyan government accept responsibility for the actions of the two and turn over all relevant documents. In other words, the link between the two underlings and the Libyan authorities who ordered the attack—most likely Qaddafi himself—is severed. Qaddafi literally gets away with murder.

■ Well, that's just perfect: Maureen Dowd has won the Pulitzer Prize for commentary, her reward for a year of *New York Times* columns that were the consummate expression of establishment opinion concerning impeachment. Thus has journalism's synod blessed orthodoxy. Every day during 1998, Dowd could be counted on to reflect the safe view of the moment. When it was time to criticize President Clinton for his immaturity and recklessness, she did so. When it was time to turn on Ken Starr and the Republicans, as the far greater threat to the Constitution, she did that. She charged, typically, that Starr was "pressing the ominous Orwellian concept of sex crimes against the government." And on September 23, she published the most despicable political-opinion column in memory. Starr, she asserted, was "the helpless victim of his cravings for ecstasy," a man who "couldn't stop thinking about [Monica Lewinsky's] thong underwear," which "inflamed his imagination," "quickened his pulse," and "made him catch his breath." He kept seeing Lewinsky in "that blue Gap dress": It was "too tight, and he was glad." As John O'Sullivan recently pointed out in our pages, Dowd's "specialty is putting the generally approved view with extra zing and added paradox." The extra zing and paradox are indeed there; but so—always—is the approved view, now more approved than ever.

■ "Dr." Jack Kevorkian, with his profound taste for the macabre, may now have an opportunity to sample prison life. He has been given a sentence of 10 to 25 years for the second-degree murder of Thomas Youk, famously broadcast on *60 Minutes*. Said Judge Jessica Cooper of Oakland County, Michigan, to Kevorkian: "You had the audacity to go on national television, show the world what you did, and dare the legal system to stop you. Well, sir, consider yourself stopped." Barring a successful appeal, Kevorkian will be killing only time. Still at large, though, will be a culture that has yet to come to grips with an inhumanity that travels under the name of mercy.

■ Feminist author Susan Faludi is back in the news. Her targets now are women and girls. They are forming clubs, it seems—book clubs and makeup clubs, where they exchange tips on love, cosmetics, literature, and work. Seems pretty harmless. It's not, says Faludi, who angrily calls this shift "a retreat into girl life." Because they are giving one another advice instead of rallying for political change, this trend "doesn't lead to anything of particular significance. In its origin, feminism had nothing to do with lipstick." Or the lives of everyday women. The feminist legacy continues.

■ Lately he's omnipresent on TV interview shows, plugging his book *Kosher Sex*, a compendium of Borscht Belt humor and traditional Jewish teachings on marital relations. He poses for *Newsweek*, lying in bed in a suit and tie, a giant cigar in one hand and a glass of white wine in the other. He notes on CBS that his surname is often mispronounced "Buttock." He is Shmuley Boteach, an Orthodox rabbi for whom "kosher sex" is where "you remember each other's name the next morning," in contrast with "great sex," which is where you "scream the name of the deity." He advocates sexual restraint and modesty as a formula for excitement in marital relations. One might think that modesty would also entail some dignity and humility, quite independent of sex. But in an undignified age, traditionalism must take what spokesmen it can get.

■ In February, at a dinner for family-planning advocates, media mogul and Atlanta Braves owner Ted Turner made disparaging remarks about the Pope, Poles, and Christianity. Turner apologized shortly thereafter. The Catholic League, however, points out that Reds owner Marge Schott was suspended from the game for eight months in 1993 for positive remarks about Hitler. When she offended again in 1996, an apology did not spare her from a two-and-a-half-year suspension. Does Major League Baseball have more lenient standards for owners with more fashionable prejudices?

■ Iranian president Seyed Mohammed Khatami has canceled an April visit to Paris because of a protocol dispute. The Iranians insisted that "Islamic rules" be observed; the French made every effort to accommodate them—except on the demand that no bottles of wine even be present at the state dinner. "Unacceptable," huffed the head of the French Parliament's France–Iran Friendship Committee. So the French have principles after all.

■ But hang on: After NR published its April 5 issue, whose cover package was devoted to "The Ugly European," a man identifying himself as an official of the French embassy called. "This is exactly what the SS did to the Jews fifty years ago," he said. Come again? "You are morally equivalent to the SS. This sort of racial stereotyping is completely inappropriate. Do you want to exterminate the French?" He also complained that NR has "a very simplistic understanding of Europe," which, "of course, is not surprising coming from Americans: After all, you have a mere 200 years of culture behind you." We invited him to write a letter to the editor, whereupon he sniffed, "I will compose my letter in French." It has yet to arrive.

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- **L** **G. Wilson Knight:** *Shakespeare and the English Language* (30 min.)
- **M** **Carlos Castaneda:** *Don Juan: The Sorcerer* (38 min.)
- **N** **Carl Rogers:** *Toward a Science of the Person* (65 min.)
- **O** **Ashley Montagu:** *The Nature of Human Nature* (48 min.)
- **P** **Noam Chomsky:** *Government in the Future* (57 min.)
- **Q** **Albert Schweitzer:** *On Goethe (trans. by Thornton Wilder)* (80 min.)
- **R** **Jacques Barzun:** *Present-Day Thoughts on Quality of Life* (31 min.)
- **S** **Margaret Mead:** *How People Change* (25 min.)
- **T** **A. Szent-Gyorgyi:** *Misplaced Ideas about Democracy* (25 min.)
- **U** **Jacob Bronowski:** *The Ascent of Man* (55 min.)
- **V** **Otto Bettman:** *The Good Old Days: They Were Terrible* (55 min.)
- **W** **Groucho Marx:** *Fast Mind, Faster Mouth* (60 min.)
- **X** **Ludwig von Mises:** *Why Socialism Always Fails* (86 min.)
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- **Z** **Arnold Toynbee:** *The Ancient Mediterranean View of Man* (24 min.)

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KOSOVO

War Without Illusions

AFTER ten days of Clinton-administration handwringing, NATO finally "escalated" its bombing campaign against Serbia by attacking two empty buildings in Belgrade in the middle of the night. This after a brutal and largely successful campaign by Slobodan Milosevic to remove ethnic Albanians from Kosovo. Give Milosevic this: His objectives may be vile, but he is serious about attaining them. The same cannot be said for NATO, which has been hobbled less by the Serbs than by its own policy of gradual escalation and its failure even to *threaten* a ground war. As a result, three weeks into the bombing, Milosevic, though up against arguably the most powerful alliance in history, still looks like a winner.

The consensus was that, whether or not we should have intervened, once the bombing started we had to win. But President Clinton's dismal performance has led some conservatives with solid internationalist credentials to suggest that America should now make the best deal it can and get out. They argue that our geopolitical interest in the Balkans is attenuated. Mark Helprin writes (page 41) that a war would impose thousands of casualties and leave us without the resources to fight elsewhere. Owen Harries warns (page 30) that America might tire of such a war and that even its best outcome would require us to oversee a notoriously unstable region for years. And WFB homes in (page 62) on the central weakness in the case for intervention: We have already failed in our humanitarian objective.

The critics are surely correct in observing that there are no wholly satisfactory outcomes here, and that this reflects a failure of statesmanship and not just the intrinsic messiness of the Balkans. Almost everyone outside the administration opposes the war as Clinton has conducted it. But our policy prescriptions cannot be held hostage to his failings. There is a war worth waging, even if Clinton looks unlikely to wage it—and even if his bungling eventually closes the window within which constructive action is possible.

IN THE WAR ROOM

So now Pristina's squeaky-clean
And Kosovo's a lunar scene
Aseptic as a surgeon's glove:
The President, still dreaming of
A legacy like Joltin' Joe's
But straining to look bellicose,
Yearns for those crises when some broad
Would zing him after being pawed.

—W. H. VON DREELE

The contingencies of war can create new imperatives, and preventing a triumph for Milosevic has become one of ours. His triumph would erode American power, which is inseparable from perceptions of that power. The Western alliance is already strained by growing anti-Americanism among European elites; defeat would subject it to recriminations and render its military expression, NATO, obsolete. America's enemies, from Tripoli to Teheran, would be emboldened by the demonstration of our inconstancy and timidity. American foreign policy would be further damaged by our loss of confidence in ourselves. Defeating Serbia will cost American lives—though not perhaps as many as the pessimists fear—but a world without a strong and respected America would cost many more.

The defeat of Milosevic requires, in the first instance, driving his forces out of Kosovo. This will be harder now that he has won the first round, smashing the KLA resistance and driving masses of ethnic Albanians out of the province. But it can still be done. The bombing campaign should be continued, free of the absurd restrictions and micro-management of the Clinton team. Ground troops should be sent into the area, now, and we should prepare for an invasion of Kosovo to make it safe for refugees to return.

After taking ground from the Serbs, we could contemplate toppling Milosevic or trying him for war crimes. In the meantime, such thoughts are fantasy: Rarely do the losers of a war put the victors on trial. Progress on the ground would make it possible, too, to consider a deal on our terms: one, for instance, that might accommodate the Serbian people by ceding them some territory but makes Kosovo fully independent from them. (Remember, the proposed Rambouillet deal for whose sake we are still ostensibly bombing leaves Kosovo under effective Serbian control.)

Congress's duty now is to stiffen the administration's spine, not add to its doubts. Congressmen may criticize the manner of the war's prosecution, or the tangle of intelligence failures, political misjudgments, and military compromises that got us here. They should certainly not overlook the manifest incompetence of Madeleine Albright and Sandy Berger. But their main task is to add moral and strategic clarity by declaring war on Serbia. Heads may roll in Washington; but it is in our national interest that Milosevic's head roll first.

PUBLIC POLICY

Hating Crime

FEDERAL LAW currently defines as a "hate crime" any crime committed with an animus against the victim's race, color, religion, or national origin. President Clinton wants to add sexual orientation, sex, and disability to the punished motives. He has linked his push for broader coverage to his foreign war against ethnic cleansing: "When someone dies in a horrible incident in America, or when we see slaughter or ethnic cleansing abroad, we should remember that we defeat these things by teaching and practicing a different way of life, and by reacting vigorously when they occur within our own midst."

Clinton's statement suffers from a pinched and narrow defin-

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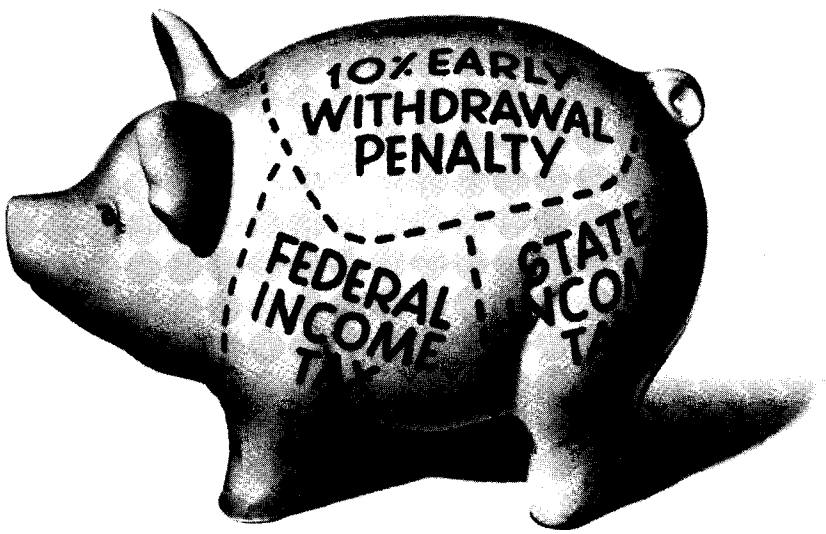

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ition of a "horrible incident." If there is a city in the Western world suffused with hate, surely it is Belfast. Catholics and Protestants march, countermarch, maim, and bomb in the name of animosities going back to Cromwell. Yet the murder rate in Belfast has always been lower than the murder rates in large American cities. What does the president have to say about the unhated dead on his own turf?

Many crimes that are not counted as "hate crimes" have similar motivations, generally racial (black hatred of whites is an emotion that is impolite to acknowledge, and so the police—except in spectacular cases, such as the Crown Heights riot—do not ferret it out). But most crimes are caused solely by the most ancient motives—greed, wrath, lust. Instead of railing against hate crimes, why not hate crime?

In a blazing 1993 article in *The Public Interest* titled "A Nation of Cowards," Jeffrey R. Snyder arraigned Americans for "calmly accept[ing] the indignity of . . . criminal assault." Snyder's solution was that we should interpret our Second Amendment rights as responsibilities and pack heat. If that seems too firebreathing, we can surely teach and practice a law-abiding way of life, and react vigorously when crimes occur in our midst. Crimes are crimes, even when committed by people who look just like their victims. We all have the same seeds of sin as any criminal—which is another reason to condemn and resist criminality, wherever it appears.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I am in my junior year at Rutgers University and am presently engaged in a wrangle over the first "F" paper of my academic career. The paper dealt with a book on welfare with a distinctly Marxofeminist slant which I was rash enough to criticize, provoking the professor to condemn my efforts as "ideological." When I registered my protests with undergraduate director Susan Lawrence, I was informed, in an unsympathetic tone, that my paper "read like a review written by William F. Buckley."

Look to your laurels,
Jordan T. Pine
Colonia, N.J.

Dear Mr. Pine: I yield my laurels to you. Hang on to them.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: In re "datum" and "data," it may brighten your day to know that computer technicians (I am one) use both the singular and plural of that noun, correctly more often than not. In general we find it essential to be clear about such things as the difference between a database and the individual records that comprise it. In addition, we work with "metadata," i.e., data about data, an example of which might be a diagram of a database's tables' names. This is by no means to say that computer people are capable in the English language—woefully the contrary, in fact. Still, there are one or two things that we do get right, on a good day.

John Mason
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Mr. Mason: Thanks for your contribution. Further exegesis on datum/data is uninvited.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I have three questions which only you can answer:

1) Who is John Galt?
2) Who promoted Perez?
3) Did Mrs. Major go to Hell?

Ed Mahoney
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

Dear Mr. Mahoney: 1) John Galt is the protagonist in the novel *Atlas Shrugged,* by Ayn Rand. Beware. One of his speeches is over 100 pages long. 2) Major Irving Peress (not Perez) was promoted in 1953 pursuant to a routine promotion of every doctor and dentist who had been in grade for more than X months. 3) Mrs. Major did not go to Hell. She repented and voted Republican.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I write to request your representation on the following matter. I realize that it is likely to be overlooked by geographic cognoscenti that some of us have difficulty picturing the locations and juxtapositions of the many nations discussed in NR. This is especially onerous when I peruse my NRs on the train or any other place where no atlas is at hand. My assertion is that we would benefit tremendously from the inclusion of a thumbnail map of the region being discussed, at least where essential to a full understanding of the article.

One of the tenets of NR is that it be "readable." Please consider this appeal a suggestion for elevating not just NR's readability, but its heuristic value on the whole.

Importunately,
Timothy McEnaney
North Babylon, N.Y.

P.S.: In identifying all the students of a school do you prefer the term "studentry" or "student body"? A book I purchased on writing suggests the former as the less morbid choice but I have never seen it in use.

P.P.S.: How does one acquire your book on writing (my wife tried but was informed that it was unavailable). Surely a few copies survived the furnace?

Dear Mr. McEnaney: The use of mini-maps is a very good idea. I will pass along your recommendation. Re "studentry"—ixnay. Re *Buckley: The Right Word*—it is very available in paperback. Try amazon.com. I'm not aware that any copies ended in the furnace. Whose furnace? The hard-copy edition sold out.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Does Shakespeare have an observation concerning Slick Willie? See *Julius Caesar,* II, i, 18–19: "The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins remorse from power."

Sincerely,
Sheridan P. Wait
Lake Lure, N.C.

—WFB

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40	$ 153	$ 188	$ 200	$ 298	$ 300
45	$ 200	$ 210	$ 265	$ 400	$ 415
50	$ 260	$ 313	$ 400	$ 578	$ 608
55	$ 385	$ 440	$ 600	$ 956	$ 1,065
60	$ 535	$ 690	$ 865	$ 3,140	$ 3,140
65	$ 883	$ 1,015	$ 1,733	$ 4,100	$ 4,100
70	$1,430	$ 1,637	$ 3,035	$ 5,270	$ 7,220
75	$2,797	$ 4,770	$ 6,560	$10,370	$10,370

Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	$ 138	$ 163	$ 198	$ 280	$ 300
40	$ 185	$ 210	$ 260	$ 385	$ 383
45	$ 260	$ 335	$ 395	$ 548	$ 585
50	$ 378	$ 500	$ 600	$ 863	$ 915
55	$ 568	$ 758	$ 865	$ 1,805	$ 2,810
60	$ 908	$ 1,130	$ 1,365	$ 4,100	$ 4,100
65	$1,530	$ 1,845	$ 2,923	$ 5,270	$ 5,270
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75	$4,415	$ 7,848	$ 9,650	$13,640	$13,640

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■ THE HILL ■

War Torn

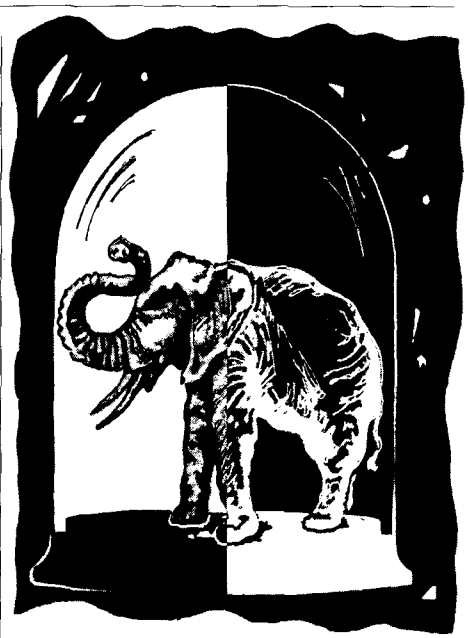
Republicans confront Kosovo.

RAMESH PONNURU

ELIOT COHEN calls it the "ornithological miracle": Hawks have become doves, and doves hawks. The wisdom of the moment is that the war in Kosovo represents a rejection among Democrats of McGovernite hangups and a recrudescence among Republicans of (take your pick) isolationism / nationalism / paleoconservatism. Some supporters of the administration replace the ideological charge with a partisan one: Republicans would be backing the war if Bill Clinton weren't president.

Ironies and inversions such as these are the stuff of high-toned punditry. But let's take a closer look at the aviary. Do these hawks have talons? The administration is using as little force as it can to inflict as few casualties as possible. In the Johnson administration, gradual escalation was part of a strategy, however misguided; with Clinton, it seems to reflect precisely those hangups that liberals acquired from McGovern. He is a dove trying to be a hawk, and the result is predictably misshapen.

Whether Republicans are turning "isolationist" is a trickier question, because it's hard to pin down both the party's position and the meaning of the term. (As Joe Sobran remarked during the Gulf War, "The word 'isolationist' suggests a churlish provincialism, a refusal to face the outside world; presumably showering that world with bombs is the cosmopolitan approach.") The libertarians at the Cato Institute are often called isolationist, but they combine a minimalist foreign policy with open borders on trade and immigration. The administration, for its part, often seems to regard as isolationist anyone who questions the value of the International Monetary Fund (see John Hillen, "Forced Isolation," March 23, 1998).



Bob Bukin

Obviously, a vigorous internationalism is compatible with objections to particular foreign entanglements. When a person finds objections to almost every proposed and existing mission, however, it's fair to describe him as an isolationist. The McGovern Democrats opposed U.S. action in Cambodia, Angola, El Salvador, Nicaragua, the Gulf, and even Grenada; they wanted to bring our troops home from Europe and South Korea. Patrick Buchanan, while not a strict isolationist, essentially wants us to stop guaranteeing the security of our allies, let them build nuclear weapons, and then start trade wars with them—a policy mix that should keep the second Buchanan administration lively. Robert Novak suggested that America brought last year's embassy bombings on itself by adopting provocative policies in the Middle East. And this strategy of preemptive capitulation to potential enemies is frankly advocated by Cato—one of its papers was titled "Protecting the Homeland: The Best Defense Is To Give No Offense." Come home, America! If you go outside, you might get hit by a car.

But these views are not dominant among Republicans. Sens. John McCain, Richard Lugar, and Chuck Hagel—three of the GOP's leading foreign-policy voices—have urged Clinton to use more force, not less, in Kosovo. And for the most part, even the Republicans who oppose intervention in Kosovo want a tougher policy toward Iraq and North Korea. Their stance has depended on the circumstances. They just don't believe that America has security interests in the Balkans that justify a major commitment. (David Frum spoke for this camp in the *National Post*, where he wrote that "Yugoslavia is the perfect liberal war . . . fought by means liberals prefer for ends that liberals approve.") Or they think intervention will not solve, only exacerbate, the humanitarian and strategic problems. Or they don't have confidence in Clinton's conduct of the war.

Given Clinton's past behavior, current policy, and character traits, that lack of confidence is surely reasonable. If the administration is bound to end up damaging U.S. credibility anyway, one might conclude that it's best to cut our losses now. But there's a certain vicious circularity to this view: Clinton will cut and run, so he should be encouraged to do exactly that? Alternatively, one could simply advocate a strategy with a greater chance of success, as McCain, et al., have done, even if Clinton isn't likely to adopt it. Regardless of which answer is right—and I'm with McCain, for what it's worth—the question is one of prudence, not principle. Whether one favors sending ground troops to Kosovo isn't a moral test of concern about atrocities, let alone of isolationism.

So why are critics of the war getting tagged as isolationist? One reason is that some Republicans are so unused to making traditional conservative arguments about the need to recognize limits to, and set priorities for, foreign policy that they have lazily fallen back on the language and tactics of the McGovernites. Hence the spectacle of Republican senators nattering on about Serbia's precious sovereignty under international law, and conservative

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pundits demanding an "exit strategy." More troubling is the willingness of some congressional Republicans to threaten to prohibit ground troops, which really does call to mind the Watergate Congress.

A second reason is that some high-profile neoconservatives have lent credence to the administration's claim that anyone who doesn't support it is an isolationist. Some neocons, notably Charles Krauthammer, have criticized our involvement in the Balkans. But William Kristol has been widely quoted for the proposition that an epic battle is taking place between "Reagan Republicans" like himself and "McGovern Republicans" who have let anti-Clintonism make them "knee-jerk isolationists." This happens to be precisely what the administration says of critics of its policy of "engagement" with China—critics such as Kristol. Kristol protests that he advocates a more intelligent form of "engagement" with the world. For the most part, that's true of the Kosovo war resisters too.

But if Republicans have not offered isolationism, neither have they provided leadership. They've been quick to say they "support the troops" (as opposed to . . . ?). They've deflected policy questions with critiques of speeches (Clinton has been insufficiently verbose and articulate?). For sheer frivolity and sentimentality, it's hard to top J. C. Watts, the fourth-ranking House Republican, who said that Congress and America should wish one of our captured soldiers "a happy birthday and a safe and speedy return" and set up a website where people could do so.

Some Republicans seem to think that foreign policy will help them in 2000. And it's always possible that war will raise the level of seriousness in our political debates—which would undercut a politics focusing on trivia such as "suburban sprawl." But to get credit for seriousness on foreign policy, Republicans must first actually be serious. If their policies have been reactive and their rhetoric confused, it is because they have simply not thought much about foreign policy during the Clinton years. It is past time they overcame this myopia, this isolationism of the mind. **NR**

■ THE HILL II ■

Defenseless

The military's hollow ring.

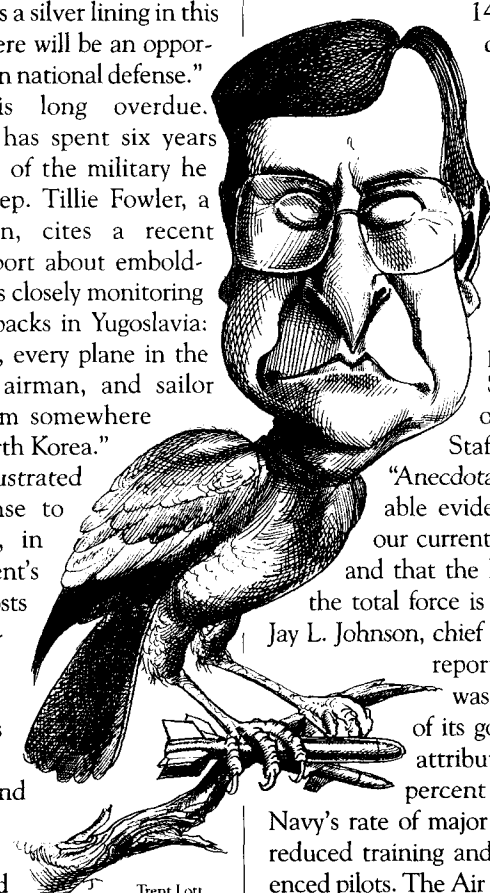
KATE O'BEIRNE

THERE may be disagreement among Republicans over Kosovo, but there is a growing consensus that restoring our national defenses should be a priority for them. After news accounts of the dwindling supply of cruise missiles, the scarcity of spare parts, and the abandonment of other trouble spots to engage in Kosovo, Republicans believe that this little war is foreshadowing the problems U.S. forces would face in a big war. Missouri Republican Jim Talent, who serves on the House subcommittee on military readiness, says, "If there is a silver lining in this cloud, [it's that] there will be an opportunity for a debate on national defense."

That debate is long overdue. President Clinton has spent six years ignoring the needs of the military he now calls upon. Rep. Tillie Fowler, a Florida Republican, cites a recent *Washington Post* report about emboldened North Koreans closely monitoring the sorties and setbacks in Yugoslavia: "Every missile fired, every plane in the air, every soldier, airman, and sailor engaged, takes from somewhere else like Iraq or North Korea." The angry and frustrated Republican response to Kosovo is caused, in part, by the president's refusal to pay the costs of his military commitments.

For the past few years, members have been hearing about personnel and equipment shortages from mid-level officers and families of servicemen. James Inhofe of Oklahoma, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on readiness, heard about the shortfalls over a year ago, when Slobodan Milosevic was still a valued partner in the Dayton peace accords rather than Adolf Hitler. Military planners in Germany told the senator that providing ground logistical support to troops in the Balkans put them at 110 percent of their capacity. When he learned that trucks ferrying supplies to Bosnia had over a million miles on them, he added money for new trucks to last year's defense budget. "It's just absurd to spend more money on maintenance than on what a new truck would cost," says Sen. Inhofe.

Over the past three years, Congress has added some $21 billion to President Clinton's defense-budget requests. But these increases have not kept up with the faster tempo of operations, as Clinton has made commitments in Haiti, Somalia, Iraq, Bosnia, Macedonia, the Taiwan strait, and now Kosovo. ("There have been more deployments in the past six years than in the past 30," observes Inhofe.) Indeed, defense spending hasn't even kept up with inflation for the past 14 years. Each increase was passed over administration objections that the Pentagon hadn't asked for it.



Trent Lott
by Roman Genn

But last September, senior military leaders finally acknowledged the problem. Gen. Henry Shelton, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told Congress, "Anecdotal and now measurable evidence indicates that our current readiness is fraying and that the long-term health of the total force is in jeopardy." Adm. Jay L. Johnson, chief of naval operations, reported that the Navy was 7,000 recruits short of its goal for last year. He attributed the recent 82 percent increase in the Navy's rate of major aircraft mishaps to reduced training and the loss of experienced pilots. The Air Force was 700 pilots short in 1998, and expects to be 2,000 short by 2002. Fully 25 percent of its weapons systems are rated "not mission

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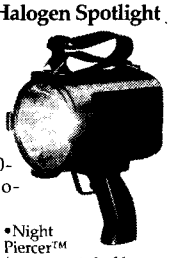

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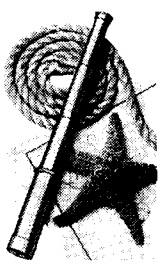

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capable." Gen. Charles Krulak, commandant of the Marine Corps, noted that the average age of his amphibious-assault vehicles is 37 years, and flatly stated, "Our present defense budget does not adequately meet the requirements of today's Marine Corps." The Joint Chiefs told Congress that the president's budget was inadequate and that they needed an additional $24 billion for each of the next six years to maintain and modernize the force.

During a field hearing in Italy earlier this year, House members heard similarly alarming assessments. The chief of the Army's Force Command stated, "Funding has fallen below the survival level." And the commander of the Sixth Fleet and NATO Striking and Support Forces in southern Europe declared that the ability of his command to respond to crises is "potentially fragile."

The military is 36 percent smaller than it was during the Gulf War. Last year, the Pentagon determined that there was a high risk of being unable to win two simultaneous wars, a capability that current U.S. strategic doctrine demands. And even though the Kosovo assaults don't qualify as one of these major engagements, they have led to fewer patrols being flown over Iraq and a gap in naval forces in the Pacific. Sixty air-launched cruise missiles were used in just over two weeks in Yugoslavia, and 90 have been used in Iraq in recent months. There are now fewer than 90 in the cupboard, with no new ones on the way.

President Clinton responded to the readiness alert sounded by his military chiefs by proposing an additional $12 billion for next year's defense budget. But $8 billion of this "increase" represents savings from lower fuel costs and inflation rates that would be going to the military anyway. A good portion of the remaining $4 billion is dedicated to items like commissary operations and renovation of the Pentagon, leaving little to meet readiness needs.

Rep. Talent is looking for a legislative vehicle—perhaps an emergency appropriations bill that meets not only the costs of Kosovo but also other urgent defense needs—that would permit a debate on national defense. Although he predicts some bipartisan support for increased funding, he looks forward to holding accountable Democrats who support the Kosovo mission but typically oppose defense spending. There will also be an intramural struggle with the GOP's so-called budget hawks, who have been more willing to limit funding for the military than for the Peace Corps, Legal Services, or public broadcasting.

Rebuilding our defenses seems a perfect fit for a party in search of winning issues. "Are we going to do what's necessary for America's greatness?" asks Talent. When his party answers yes, it will be unified in behalf of a worthy purpose that deflects charges of isolationism, splits the Democrats—and saves American lives. **NR**

■ THE CABINET ■

Clinton's Good Soldier

Barry McCaffrey, the un-Clinton.

JAY NORDLINGER

"WHAT'S a nice boy like you doing in an administration like this?" Gen. Barry R. McCaffrey, the drug czar, seems accustomed to the question. He has confronted it before, in so many ways. He says, plainly, "When I was 17, I swore an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States." He stresses, "I am in a job that is by law non-political." And he believes deeply in the drug war, though he refuses to call it that: He knows war, intimately; this is different.

Barry McCaffrey is the most un-Clintonian member of Bill Clinton's administration, certainly of his cabinet. He is an almost anachronistic representative of the warrior class, an exemplar of the warrior virtues. His reputation for bravery, honor, and scrupulousness borders on the fantastic. So did he consider resigning, as the Lewinsky scandal grew and the president's chronic mendacity was exposed? "Never considered it. Never did. But it was certainly a dilemma of government. I think all of us thought through the implications of what was going on. If anything, it made me far less likely to leave government for other reasons." Besides which, "I'm proud of the people I work with day to day."

McCaffrey is a child of the Army, the son of a general, William McCaffrey. After graduation from Andover and West Point, he went to the Dominican Republic, then to Vietnam. He spent most of his twenties in that conflict, wounded three times, once almost losing an arm. In the Gulf War, he commanded a division, leading what is known as the "left hook" into the Euphrates River Valley, which cornered Saddam Hussein's Republican Guards. When he retired from the military in 1996 to become drug czar, he was the youngest and most decorated four-star general in the Army: three Purple Hearts, two Distinguished Service Crosses, two Silver Stars, the Distinguished Service Medal, and so on. He and Bill Clinton are roughly the same age. Their differences, he believes, reflect the turmoil of their generation. He feels a heavy responsibility to help bring reconciliation.

"Vietnam was the central reality to our world," McCaffrey says. "It really ground us up. And I think all of us got bitter toward the end of it."

The cause of that bitterness, says McCaffrey, is "captured perfectly" by the recent confessions of Vietnam-era defense secretary Robert S. McNamara. "I don't know of a figure of greater scorn or dismay among my age group than Mr. McNamara. Here's this brilliant man, probably a good man. But how could he *dare* leave a generation of us—three and a half million, suffering 360,000 casualties—in a war that he himself thought was being prosecuted in a way that wouldn't succeed?" The Pentagon's strategy "had me crawling in the mud with a sandbag full of grenades and an M-16 rifle, shooting it out with the North Vietnamese at 20 meters' range." And "by the way," adds McCaffrey, smiling but exercised: "I never lost in Vietnam. I probably took part in 20 company-sized battles, and we never lost a one of them. But what a crazy way to go about trying to decide our purpose."

Some two decades later, the Gulf War was launched, and, "luckily," it was a different story: "I went into combat with a

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19,000-soldier force, with 140 aircraft, 1,600 armored vehicles, 4,500 wheeled vehicles, and in a hundred hours of combat went 400 kilometers and knocked over parts of seven Iraqi divisions, while suffering eight killed and 36 wounded. Incredible. And they *were* shooting at us." But ultimately, "it was like eighth-graders playing football against an NFL team." So, "having tried it both ways, I vote for the employment of power along the lines of the Gulf War."

Even so, insists McCaffrey, "we have a problem. One of the challenges of Desert Storm, of Grenada, of these other operations, is the impression that you can use military power successfully and not have people get hurt. And if you're fortunate, you can. But I must admit I'm astonished every time we pull this off." In Somalia, a debacle from which the American public recoiled, "total U.S. casualties were something like 18 killed, maybe 120 wounded. I've seen casualties like that in an hour that didn't make the back pages of *Stars and Stripes*, Pacific regional edition. And that was enough to change the course of our foreign policy and peacekeeping policy. It made a tremendous impact on the political leadership."

■

McCaffrey is an old-fashioned representative of the warrior class, an exemplar of the warrior virtues.

■

McCaffrey would not discuss the current Balkan crisis (in which his son, also a Gulf War veteran, may well fight), preferring to leave that to State and Defense officials.

The general rose to something like national prominence in early 1993, as the administration was taking its first, halting steps. This was the infamous Southwest Gate incident (not to be confused with the infamous Northwest Gate incident—that was Monica, in a snit over Eleanor Mondale's face-time in the Oval Office). McCaffrey, then assistant to Joint Chiefs of Staff chairman Colin Powell, was leaving the White House grounds. "An attractive woman goes by. I'm in uniform, 15 rows of ribbons on, gold braid on my cap, and I say, 'Good morning.' She says something like, 'I don't talk to the military' and stomps by me. I stopped in my tracks. I couldn't believe what I had heard. I thought, It's happening all over again."

"It" refers to the rancor over Vietnam. The woman was not a young whippersnapper, as some press accounts had it, but a woman of McCaffrey's (and Clinton's) generation, a fact that the general finds significant. The administration was reeling from its efforts to permit gays in the military. Clinton was being mocked for his inability to salute. Now this.

To this day, McCaffrey doesn't know who the woman was. "I probably couldn't identify her in a lineup." But "I went back and I did bitch about it." When word of the snubbing leaked, there was a furor. Republican politicians, Ross Perot, and others made hay. Sandy Berger, of the National Security Council staff, called to say he would fire the woman if he could find her. Presidential chief of staff Mack McLarty called to assure McCaffrey of the president's high regard for men in uniform ("We weren't raised in Hope, Arkansas, to disrespect the military"). A female staffer from the White House also called, panicked that

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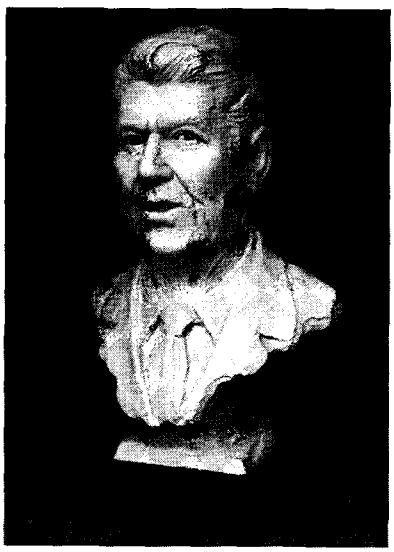

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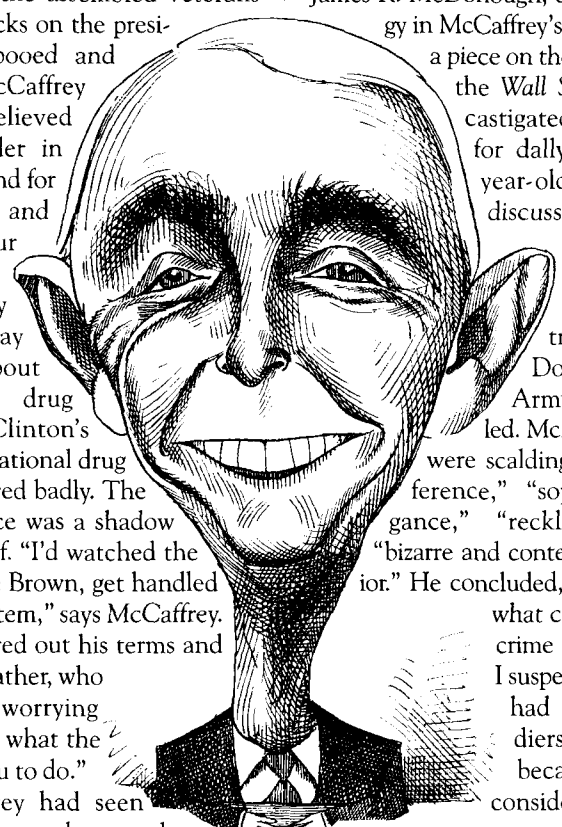
columnist Jack Anderson was about to name her (incorrectly) as the snubber. "Word was," chuckles McCaffrey, "there was a picture of me up in the ladies' room with a red X through it saying, 'Watch out for this man. Treat him with respect.' Anyway, it captured a mood, a moment, and probably some good came out of it."

At the urging of an old mentor, Gen. John Galvin, McCaffrey took steps to allay concern over a civilian–military rift. He spoke to the press, asked Perot not to "exploit" the episode, and, most important, took a widely publicized jog with Clinton at a summit in Vancouver. (This has proven the most famous jog of the administration, along with one the president took with Mondale—not the former vice president.) When Clinton went to the Vietnam Memorial for the first time, McCaffrey, with Powell, accompanied him. Many of the assembled veterans turned their backs on the president; others booed and hissed. But McCaffrey and Powell believed "the commander in chief had to stand for our dignity and remember our dead."

McCaffrey was wary, to say the least, about accepting the drug job. During Clinton's first term, the national drug effort had faltered badly. The drug czar's office was a shadow of its former self. "I'd watched the incumbent, Lee Brown, get handled badly by the system," says McCaffrey. But he hammered out his terms and listened to his father, who said, "Stop worrying about it and do what the country asks you to do." Barry McCaffrey had seen drugs nearly destroy the armed forces during the 1970s. "It was sickening," he remembers. He took the job.



Barry McCaffrey by Roman Genn

As drug czar, McCaffrey has been known as stubbornly independent. "I've had no problem with the president," he says, though "I've had trouble with some of his team." For example, "I've appealed all my budgets directly to the president, while the [Office of Management and Budget] director wrings his hands. I mean, this is not what the boys and girls are supposed to do. But I say to the president, 'I need your help,' and he has supported me." Is the president scared of McCaffrey? Intimidated? "Oh, I don't think so." Are you sure? The general hesitates a second. "Well, my own view is, he's good on the policy. He's a kind person, he's a smart person, he does his homework, he reads what I give him, he's a good dad, and he doesn't like these drugs." But can you command a war against drugs under a president who appears on a rock-music network and jokes that, next time he smokes marijuana, he'll inhale? "It was a mistake," says McCaffrey, "a terrible mistake." What's more, "we're winning this thing"—the effort to curb drug use.

In September, after the submission of the Starr report, with its creepy details, James R. McDonough, director of strategy in McCaffrey's office, published a piece on the opinion page of the *Wall Street Journal*. It castigated the president for dallying with a 22-year-old intern while discussing with congressmen the dispatch of troops to Bosnia—troops whom McDonough, as an Army colonel, had led. McDonough's words were scalding: "callous indifference," "sophomoric arrogance," "reckless disregard," "bizarre and contemptuous behavior." He concluded, "I do not know what constitutes a high crime or misdemeanor. I suspect, however, that had American soldiers been killed because of their ill-considered commitment to action, President Clinton would have been guilty one way or another."

Blood in the capital froze. Members of the administration don't talk that way in public about their president. Heads—surely McDonough's—would roll. But he stayed on. Had McCaffrey approved the piece? The general bristles: "You're darn right I did." He then launches into

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a paean to McDonough—"a dirt-poor Italian-Irish kid from New York City who got stabbed in high school and was a Police Athletic League boxing champion and got an appointment to West Point"—and remarks, "Ten years from now, he'll feel good about having expressed his view." McDonough remained in the federal drug office until last month, when he became drug czar of Florida at the behest of Gov. Jeb Bush. Had anyone pressured McCaffrey to reprimand or fire McDonough? The general, taut-faced, says only, "There were some conversations, and I made it very clear that I didn't want to hear another word." And he didn't.

McCaffrey is sometimes considered a Democratic general: Kennedy had Maxwell Taylor, Clinton has McCaffrey. He responds that, although he has voted all his life, he has never registered with either party. "I haven't done this as a Democrat, and I'm not a hidden Republican. In the next phase of my life, I could join one party or the other." He acknowledges, with characteristic lack of coyness, that he has considered running for office. "My wife, Jill, though, is vehemently opposed." He has praise for persons in both parties: "I love and admire President Bush. When I go to Texas, I see him, and until the day I die I'll be grateful for his leadership as president." And "Senator Dole is one of my heroes." Among those he has encountered on the Hill, he singles out Ohio Republican Rob Portman: "I hope he's president of the United States in another twelve years. He's one of the finest public servants I've met in America."

In recent months, McCaffrey has been rumored to be headed elsewhere, such as to the Red Cross (where his wife works) or the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He says he has engaged in no such discussions with anybody. He is eager to continue waging the drug war, much as he may object to the metaphor. So Bill Clinton will retain a jarringly incongruous cabinet member—who talks (almost spookily) like Jimmy Stewart, has subscribed to NATIONAL REVIEW "since grad school," and has a background so idealistic, patriotic, and inspiring that it would nauseate Norman Rockwell. A nice, valorous boy, McCaffrey, smack in the middle of a Haight-Ashbury administration. **NR**

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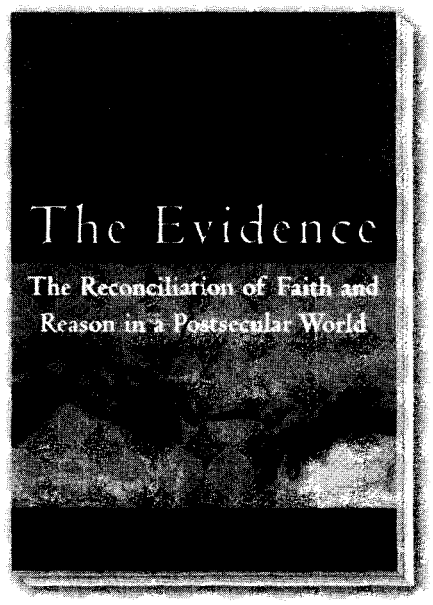

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■ THE LAW ■

Intern Problem

The Justice Department games the system.

JOHN J. MILLER

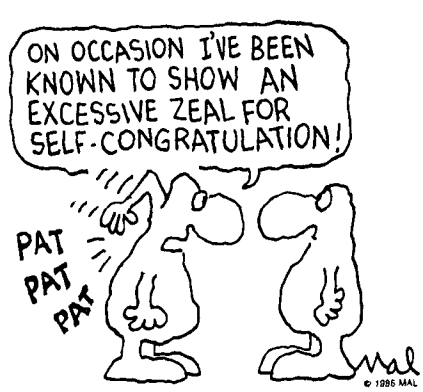
THE Justice Department couldn't lose. In April 1998, department litigators had moved to dismiss a class-action suit against the government, filed on behalf of Latin Americans of Japanese descent interned during World War II. "There was no way we were going to go down," recalls a Justice official. "We had an airtight case, and the lawsuit would have been dismissed." Enter deputy attorney general Eric Holder, civil-rights-division chief Bill Lann Lee, and other Justice officials who had different ideas. They concocted a strategy, in effect, to throw the case, defying the will of Congress and costing the government millions of dollars. It is a story of racial politics, bureaucratic subterfuge, and, most of all, Clinton-administration contempt for the law.

After Pearl Harbor, the United States feared that Japan might attack Central and South America next, especially the critical Panama Canal. In this atmosphere, 16 Latin American governments detained at least 8,500 Axis nationals, many of them consular officers representing Japan, Germany, and Italy, plus their families. More than 3,000 were eventually transported to the United States for use in prisoner swaps. About 2,300 of these were Japanese, mostly from Peru. The Roosevelt administration was eager to exchange them for some of the 3,300 American civilians held in China by Japan. Many were traded, but some Axis nationals remained in American camps throughout the war.

Half a century later, the American Civil Liberties Union decided that these Japanese nationals deserved reparations from the federal government, and filed a class-action lawsuit, *Mochizuki* v. *United States*. They compared the plight of their plaintiffs to that of the 120,000 Japanese Americans who were removed from their homes and sent to internment camps during the war. In 1988, following a lengthy debate, Congress passed a law to pay $20,000 each to the Japanese-American victims of internment, two-thirds of whom were U.S. citizens at the time of their confinement. The ACLU argued that the Japanese Latin Americans deserved the same treatment and that the courts should broaden the meaning of the law to include them.

Congress, though, didn't agree. The Japanese Latin Americans were deliberately excluded from the restitution pact. They had been, after all, predominantly the citizens of enemy nations during the war. To the extent that they suffered hardship, they were no different from millions of others in the 20th century's greatest conflict—and who never thought the United States owed them compensation. The congressionally mandated Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, which drove the reparations debate, had considered these Japanese Latin Americans in a detailed appendix to its long report. It chose not to recommend any sort of redress.

At a 1987 hearing, Rep. Howard Berman asked whether the law would cover Japanese Latin Americans. His fellow California Democrat, Rep. Norman Mineta, who was crucial in the deliberations, replied: "First of all, this bill is really to benefit U.S. citizens who have been wronged by the actions of their own government. So I would think that this bill would not extend to, let's say, the act of the Peruvian government, which, at that time, sent them to the United States." Rep. Barney Frank then suggested, "We can always take an amendment." Nobody offered one.



But in October 1997, 65 members of Congress, almost all of them Democrats, wrote to President Clinton urging him to pay $20,000 to each of several hundred formerly interned Japanese Latin Americans. Clinton's reply came on January 27, 1998. He regretted that it wasn't "within my authority" to include these persons under the law. Two days later, the Justice Department filed a statement with the federal court of claims: "The plain language of the Act leaves no room for doubt that [ACLU] plaintiffs are ineligible for redress payments." Chief judge Loren A. Smith seemed to agree. He said the court had a "duty to take the course of action the law requires," regardless of whether this led to a "right and moral resolution" from the perspective of those favoring restitution.

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It is a story of racial politics, bureaucratic subterfuge, and Clinton-administration contempt for the law.

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Wheels then started to turn at the Justice Department, where Bill Lann Lee had just arrived as acting head of the civil-rights division. "Isn't there anything we can do?" asked Richard Jerome, a deputy associate attorney general, at a series of meetings. Lee echoed this sentiment, and their words became a refrain at Justice. Lawyers in the civil division argued that the government should continue to defend itself against the lawsuit, but found it tough going when so many Clinton appointees were equating foreign nationals with American citizens. "It's hard to make these distinctions very aggressively," says a department attorney. "You wonder if your colleagues will start thinking you're a racist."

A settlement didn't seem to make sense: The law was crystal clear, and the judge had hinted broadly that he was prepared to dismiss. When Jerome circulated a memo outlining a proposed settlement—he suggested awarding

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$5,000 to each plaintiff—Stuart Frisch, general counsel of the Justice Management Division, shot back in a memo of his own: "I see virtually no litigative risk. Accordingly, I cannot advise an accountable officer to certify the settlement payments you propose to make." The Immigration and Naturalization Service also opposed the settlement.

But Eric Holder, Reno's top deputy, ended up rubber-stamping Jerome's proposal. The plaintiffs accepted. On June 11, 1998, Judge Smith granted preliminary approval to the settlement and again noted the plaintiffs' flimsy legal position. "Absent unusual circumstances, it would seem directly contrary to the statute's purpose and moral intent to include either citizens of the Empire of Japan at the time of war or employees of the Empire of Japan during the same period," he said.

Then came a new wrinkle. The Justice Department didn't have enough money to pay every participant in the class-action suit—even though those pushing for the settlement had assured everyone that the money was available. The agreement had said plaintiffs would be paid from the fund established by Congress for making restitution payments to Japanese Americans. By last February, however, this fund had been drained of its last dollar. The *Mochizuki* class still had $4.3 million coming to it.

So the Justice Department went to Congress. Buried deep inside the supplemental appropriations bill approved by the House and Senate in March, the attorney general is granted permission to transfer $4.3 million out of existing department programs, such as the FBI, to pay the remainder of the settlement.

Few in Congress are aware of this. "These are obscene dollars, going to enemy aliens traded for American POWs," says one top Senate Republican staffer. The handful of senators who have been informed about these developments are irritated, but apparently unwilling to reconsider an item they already approved. "The only thing that might change that," admits a leadership aide, "is if the veterans groups decided to get involved. But all they ever do is lobby for benefits."

And everyone in Washington, it seems, is in favor of benefits—the law, and common sense, be damned. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY** ■

Just a Cigar

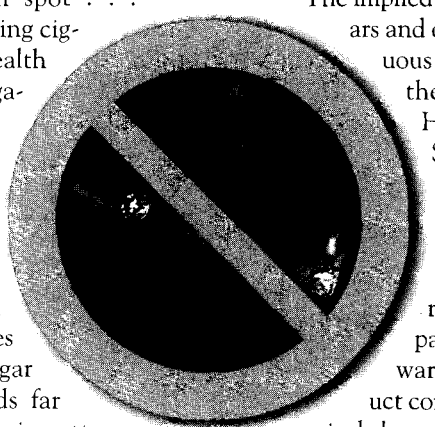
Another dishonest anti-smoking campaign.

JACOB SULLUM

A TV ad sponsored by the California Department of Health Services shows a young man in a dark suit holding a cigar while sitting in a big leather chair. "Say, Chad," the narrator asks him, "any idea how many cigarettes you'd need to equal the nicotine in that big fat stogie?"

After Chad repeatedly guesses wrong, the narrator says, "No, Chad, you'd have to smoke more than 70." Seventy cigarettes appear in poor Chad's mouth as a slogan is displayed at the bottom of the screen: "CIGARS. The Big New Trend in Cancer."

When the Chad ad was first aired last spring, the *Los Angeles Times* described it as "comparing the effects of one cigar to smoking the equivalent of 70 cigarettes." According to the *Sacramento Bee*, "the television spot . . . points out that smoking cigars poses the same health risks as smoking cigarettes."



Those are fair interpretations of the ad's implicit message. The problem is, the message isn't true. It is well established by decades of research that cigar smokers face hazards far less serious than cigarette smokers do, primarily because they inhale less smoke. That point was confirmed last year by a National Cancer Institute report that was wrongly portrayed as equating the risks of cigars and cigarettes. (More on that later.)

Even in terms of nicotine delivery, the California ad is misleading. First, there is little evidence that nicotine contributes to smoking-related diseases (which is why pharmaceutical companies can sell nicotine gum and patches as safe alternatives to cigarettes). Second, a cigar that delivered the amount of nicotine in three and half packs of cigarettes would be very unusual. According to the NCI report, a premium cigar typically yields about as much nicotine as a dozen cigarettes, not 70.

The Chad ad is part of a nationwide strategy aimed at scaring people away from cigars. U.S. cigar consumption rose more than 50 percent from 1993 to 1997, with imports of premium cigars more than quadrupling. Just when tobacco's opponents thought that smoking was permanently déclassé, cigars have become newly fashionable among the rich and famous. In response, public-health officials and anti-smoking activists are calling for federal warning labels, restrictions on advertising and promotion, and regulation by the Food and Drug Administration. Meanwhile, they have been encouraging the press and the public to believe that cigars are just as dangerous as cigarettes, if not more so.

The implied equation between cigars and cigarettes was conspicuous in late February, when the Department of Health and Human Services released a report recommending government warnings on cigars "analogous to the labels on cigarettes." Most cigar packages already carry a warning that "this product contains/produces chemicals known . . . to cause cancer, and birth defects or other reproductive harm." Making the case for additional warnings, surgeon general David Satcher declared that "cigars contain the same kind of carcinogens that are found in cigarettes, and in some cases, maybe more of them." While this is true as far as it goes, it does not mean that the typical cigar smoker absorbs the

Mr. Sullum, a syndicated columnist and a senior editor at *Reason* magazine, is the author of *For Your Own Good: The Anti-Smoking Crusade and the Tyranny of Public Health.*

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same dose of carcinogens or faces the same cancer risk as the typical cigarette smoker. Satcher also said, "The absence of labels implies cigars are different and don't carry the same risk." (They are, and they don't.) Predictably, the Associated Press reporter got the impression that, as she put it in her lead, "scientists say [cigars] are just as deadly as cigarettes."

Satcher is not the only official whose pronouncements about cigars are easily misinterpreted. Consider how Michael Eriksen, director of the Office on Smoking and Health at the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), described the hazards of cigars in a May 1997 *New York Times* story: "Tobacco is tobacco is tobacco." Asked to interpret that quote, CDC epidemiologist Ann Malarcher says, "There are a lot of meanings to that." The literal meaning, of course, is a tautology; but surely many people would understand Eriksen to be saying that all tobacco products are equally hazardous. The *Times* itself went further, announcing that cigars pose "higher risks than . . . cigarettes."

We could simply blame journalists for leaping to the wrong conclusions, but it's clear that public-health officials are giving them a good shove. In February 1998, for example, the NCI's Donald Shopland told *USA Today*, "You're smoking a whole pack of cigarettes" when you smoke a cigar. And Jack Henningfield, an addiction specialist who contributed to the NCI's cigar report, told the *Wall Street Journal*, "It will help explode some of the myths about cigars," including the belief "that they are relatively safe."

Yet when it came out in April, the NCI monograph demonstrated, once again, that cigars *are* safer than cigarettes. Overall, the NCI reported, daily cigar smokers get oral and esophageal cancers almost as often as cigarette smokers. But they face much lower risks of lung cancer, coronary heart disease, and chronic obstructive pulmonary disease—the three main smoking-related causes of death. The upshot can be seen in mortality figures. In a 1985 American Cancer Society study cited by the NCI, men who smoked a cigar or two a day were only 2 percent more likely to die during a 12-year period than nonsmokers, a difference that was not statistically significant. By contrast, the mortality rate was 69 percent higher for men who smoked a pack of cigarettes a day.

■

We could blame journalists for leaping to conclusions, but public-health officials are giving them a good shove.

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The only really bad news for cigar smokers in the NCI report applied to a small minority. The NCI emphasized that the risk from cigars increases with the frequency of smoking and the degree of inhalation. Cigar smokers who inhale deeply face measurably higher risks of heart disease and emphysema (though still not as high as those faced by cigarette smokers), and the risk of lung cancer for a five-cigar-a-day smoker who inhales approaches the risk for a pack-a-day cigarette smoker. That sort of cigar smoker is quite unusual, however. "As many as three-quarters of cigar smokers smoke only occasionally," the NCI noted, and "the majority of cigar smokers do not inhale." Since the available data apply only to people who smoke at least one cigar a day, "the health risks of occasional cigar smokers . . . are not known."

In other words, there is no evidence that smoking cigars in moderation—with moderation defined by the way most cigar smokers actually behave—poses a measurable health risk. But because the NCI emphasized that "cigars are not safe alternatives to cigarettes" (something no one had claimed), this point was lost on the press. The headline in the *San Francisco Chronicle* read, "Cancer Institute's Warning on Cigars: Just As Bad As Cigarettes." An Associated Press story said the NCI report was "intended to equate dangers posed by the two products." The article began, "Smoking cigars can be just as deadly as smoking cigarettes." This is like saying that riding a bicycle "can be just as deadly" as riding a motorcycle. It's true in the sense that both activities can result in fatal accidents. But that does not mean they are equally dangerous.

After the NCI report came out, John Banzhaf, executive director of Action on Smoking and Health, said FDA regulation of cigars was all the more vital "now that we know that cigars are as dangerous as cigarettes." Banzhaf also filed a petition with the Federal Trade Commission, asking it to require "cigarette-like warnings on cigar labels and in ads." FTC chairman Robert Pitofsky seemed sympathetic to the idea. "If the National Cancer Institute is saying that regular cigar smoking is roughly as dangerous as cigarette smoking," he told the *Washington Post*, "I would expect people would want health warnings."

Even if they do not value truth for its own sake, public-health officials should recognize that misleading comparisons between cigars and cigarettes have the potential to backfire. After seeing the California ad equating one cigar with 70 cigarettes, for example, a guy who smokes a couple of cigars a week might mistakenly conclude that he would be no worse off smoking a pack of cigarettes a day. And anyone who realizes how deceptive the ad is will probably be more inclined to dismiss other warnings from public-health agencies.

Despite such risks, we may soon be seeing more messages of this kind. In its February report, HHS called for a national "public awareness campaign about the health effects of cigars." With any luck, Chad will still be available. **NR**

"Darn—she says her phone number is classified."

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■ COVER STORY ■

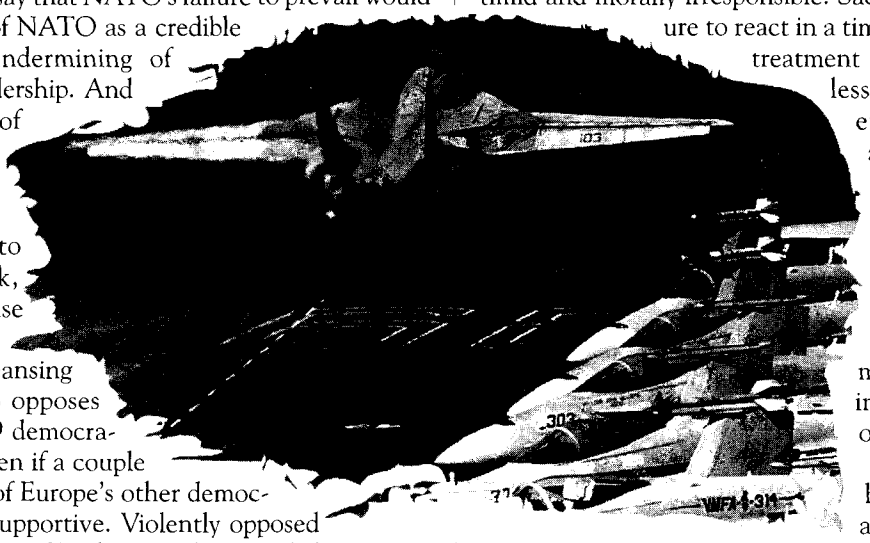
Get Serious

Steps to victory in Kosovo.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

On April 23, NATO is scheduled to hold in Washington a huge celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. If by then the conflict over Kosovo is still on, the meeting will provide an opportunity for a council of war—yes, it is a war—and for a reaffirmation of NATO's commitment to prevail. If by then NATO has won, the event will be a true celebration. If, however, NATO has embraced a negotiated settlement that yields to Slobodan Milosevic some concession over what NATO demanded just prior to the bombing, it will be a wake.

The stakes now involve far more than the fate of Kosovo. They were altered dramatically the day the bombing began. It is no exaggeration to say that NATO's failure to prevail would mean both the end of NATO as a credible alliance and the undermining of America's global leadership. And the consequences of either would be devastating to global stability.



It is instructive to pause here and ask, Who endorses the use of force to stop the ethnic killing and cleansing in Kosovo, and who opposes it? All of NATO's 19 democracies stand united (even if a couple are wobbly), and all of Europe's other democracies are generally supportive. Violently opposed are the erratic admirer of Hitler in Belarus and the current Russian regime, which failed in Chechnya in what Milosevic is attempting to do in Kosovo. Two visions of the European future are thus colliding: one that views Europe as a community genuinely bound by a shared respect for human rights, and one that believes ruling national elites have the sovereign right to engage even in a type of genocide against their minorities.

Ill-wishers of America and Europe understand this well. A leading Moscow newspaper (*Nezavisimaya Gazeta*, on March 25) gloated openly—while also informing the Clinton administration where the Kremlin really stands—that the crisis initiates "the epoch of the collapse of the U.S. global empire and, evidently, the epoch of Europe's final eclipse." It went on to urge Russia "to just sit on the fence, saying all the necessary things and watching NATO destroy itself."

So far, the administration has done very well in keeping NATO together. But it has not done as well on the military level, and its political fortitude is questionable. During the first three weeks, NATO's air campaign against Serbia was timid and morally irresponsible. Sadly, there has been a failure to react in a timely fashion to the bestial treatment inflicted on the defenseless Kosovars. Though the ethnic cleansing undeniably predated the bombing, it was accelerated after the bombing started. The White House team cannot escape responsibility for the failure to do at least the minimum possible to impede the victimization of the Kosovars.

It is simply incomprehensible why the needed attack helicopters were not assembled before the air operation was launched. Did it not occur to any senior official that Serbian forces would move against the Kosovars? Why were the helicopters denied to NATO commanders for some ten days after the operation started, with the entire world watching the mass expulsions and learning also of large-scale executions? A strong tactical air assault against Milosevic's ground forces should have been launched from Day One, even at the risk of losses. It is painful to imagine young Albanians desperately scanning the skies before being either raped or shot.

Moreover, the bombing has been conducted in a manner that defies even the most elementary notions of human psychology under conditions of war. Instead of shocking and

Mr. Brzezinski, national security advisor to President Carter, is counselor at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

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intimidating the opponent, the air campaign has striven to avoid casualties not only to allied airmen but even to Milosevic's officials, thereby inoculating the Serbs against fear of bombing while mobilizing Serbian nationalist passions in support of the Belgrade dictator.

Also noteworthy is that, paradoxically, the strategic bombardment of Serbian assets has been conducted as if its goal were the attrition of the Serbian army in preparation for a NATO ground campaign. But President Clinton ruled out the latter, and even into the third week of the bombing he continued to reassure Milosevic that the U.S. had no intention of engaging in ground combat. One cannot avoid the suspicion that political expediency was at work here, at a time when genuine leadership was needed. This self-denying posture has given Milosevic every incentive to hunker down

Belgrade's ruling elite must be convinced that Milosevic's crimes and obduracy portend for it a collective ruin.

and absorb the punishment from the skies, while completing his cleansing of Kosovo.

Admittedly, a ground campaign cannot be launched instantly. It requires careful and deliberate deployment of forces, and (in democracies) a strong base of public support. But if the air campaign does not produce the required political success, ground combat will become necessary. So why not prepare for it now? And why, in the present circumstances, give Milosevic a greater sense of confidence that he need not worry about it? It just makes no sense for the president and his advisors to be proclaiming that NATO forces will enter Kosovo only with Milosevic's permission.

GUIDELINES FOR ACTION

What then must be done? Given the stakes involved, the United States, as the recognized leader of the alliance, must pursue a no-holds-barred approach to winning. The American leadership must project principled courage and not be guided by a political compass. Belgrade's ruling elite must be convinced—by NATO's military actions as well as its political posture—that Milosevic's crimes and obduracy portend for it a collective ruin. To that end, the following guidelines should shape policy:

(1) The Rambouillet formula for Kosovo's autonomy within Serbia is dead. It was killed by Milosevic's crimes against humanity. For several years to come, Kosovo's formal status will have to remain indeterminate, under NATO's direct protection.

(2) It follows that there cannot be any negotiations with Milosevic himself, except in order to implement the modalities of Serbian withdrawal following the imposition of NATO's terms. The alliance should reject the temptation to accept any deal contrived by Russia that would grant Milosevic an easing of NATO's original terms. To do so would mark the bombing as a tragically pointless failure, would reward Milosevic for his ethnic cleansing, and would represent a great political success for the Kremlin's anti-NATO posture. That has to be made crystal clear.

(3) The air campaign should be intensified if it is either to destroy Milosevic's military power or to compel him to accept NATO's terms. The current targeting restrictions have seriously limited the bombing's military as well as political impact.

(4) Major deployments should now be initiated in preparation for a possible NATO ground operation, presumably out of Albania and Macedonia. Once the bombing has effectively isolated the Serbian forces currently in Kosovo from Serbia proper, they will become vulnerable—especially when out of fuel and ammunition—to a sweep by NATO ground forces. In any case, a mopping-up operation will become necessary if Milosevic refuses to capitulate even with his army seriously weakened by systematic attrition from the air.

(5) The victims of Kosovo have a moral right to self-defense. Hence weapons should be provided to those who resist. And such aid would further signal to Belgrade that its strategy of ethnic cleansing in Kosovo will fail.

(6) Yugoslavia's foreign assets should be subject to seizure in all NATO countries, both to exert pressure on Belgrade and as a prelude to eventual reparations for the damage inflicted on Kosovo by Milosevic's forces.

(7) Without waiting for the hostilities to end, the United States and the European Union should jointly announce their intention to formulate a comprehensive plan for the resettlement, reconstruction, and rehabilitation of Kosovo. A strong commitment to that end, buttressed by a stated determination to return all refugees to Kosovo, would greatly enhance the credibility of the ongoing bombing campaign, stripping Belgrade of any residual hopes for the retention of Kosovo or some part of it.

(8) The program suggested in (7) should also contain a provision holding out the hope that a democratic, post-Milosevic Serbia will be included in a wider Balkan-reconstruction effort, involving Macedonia, Albania, and Montenegro as well. That could encourage the more realistic Serbs to reconsider their current support for Milosevic's suicidal policies. In any case, both America and its NATO allies will now have to be engaged in a longer-term effort to ensure stability in the Balkans. Once the Kremlin sobers up, Russian peacekeeping involvement would also be desirable, as it has already proven in Bosnia.

(9) Congress should pass a joint resolution endorsing the political aims of NATO's campaign and pledge U.S. resolve to attain them by all the necessary means. Given the stakes involved, America's commitment must be unambiguous and enduring.

Such a strategy would require much more determination and ethical motivation from the Oval Office and from the top Republican congressional leadership than we have seen so far. In these circumstances, it is up to those legislators who had the instinctive courage to take a stand—notably Senators McCain, Lugar, Hagel, Biden, Lieberman—to fill the strategic void. **NR**

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Target: Belgrade

Why a ground war would be a rout.

ANDREW J. BACEVICH

THE manifest failure of NATO's bombing-for-peace campaign testifies less to Yugoslav military strength than to defects in the strategy devised by Washington and Brussels. Redressing that failure will in all likelihood require an allied air-ground offensive into Serbia. The United States and its NATO allies possess ample military power to mount such a campaign and to defeat Yugoslavia. Of course, no large-scale military operation is without risk. But in this case, the danger stems less from Slobodan Milosevic's legions than from the Clinton administration's own penchant for political miscalculation and shaky resolve. In the weeks to come, the White House is likely to remain its own worst enemy.

By almost any measure apart from cunning and ruthlessness, Yugoslavia makes for a trifling adversary. Its backward economy has stagnated under years of sanctions. Its entire gross domestic product is barely one-sixteenth of what the United States spends only on defense. In terms of wealth, population, technology, and industrial capacity, Yugoslav inferiority to NATO's 19 members is judged in orders of magnitude. However much patriotic Serbs may cherish certain founding myths, they bear little affection for the corrupt and self-serving dictatorship they have endured for the past decade.

HOOLIGANS AND GANGSTERS

In size and quality, Yugoslavia's defense establishment reflects these shortcomings. The Yugoslav military is a small, conscript-based force with an active-duty component of perhaps 115,000. Its army relies on relics of the Soviet era. The centerpiece of its tank fleet is the 1950s-vintage T-55. The NATO air campaign has already rendered its puny air force ineffective. Similarly, allied air action is depleting stocks—such as petroleum—essential to the conduct of sustained operations. The likelihood that any great-power patron will compensate for these deficiencies is negligible. In its weakened state, Russia can offer Yugoslavia expressions of solidarity, but little more.

Granted, Milosevic's army, with its associated security forces, has in recent weeks enjoyed considerable success in pacifying troublesome ethnic Albanians. But to dignify the rape of Kosovo by Serb goon squads by calling it "combat" is to misuse the term. Indeed, to attribute to the Yugoslav armed forces more than a minimal ability to wage conventional war against modern, professional forces is to give them far more credit than they deserve. These are hooligans and gangsters, not trained and disciplined soldiers.

Even in their reduced post–Cold War configuration, NATO forces possess adequate combat power to make mincemeat of the Yugoslav army. In Germany, the two divisions of the U. S. Army's V Corps alone muster more combat power than the entire Yugoslav army. (Even so, each V Corps division is short one brigade. Bringing them up to full strength would require the Pentagon to deploy soldiers to draw tanks, artillery, and other heavy equipment warehoused in Europe for this purpose.) Between the Franco-German "Eurocorps," the remnants of the old British Army on the Rhine, and other odds and ends, our chief NATO allies have the capability of cobbling together a formation of equivalent strength.

The difficulties—diplomatic and logistic—involved in assembling a force capable of invading Yugoslavia are hardly trivial. Yet they pale in comparison with those that the United States surmounted in assembling coalition forces to eject the Iraqi army from Kuwait in 1991. The issue on which NATO and the Clinton administration are more likely to stumble concerns the proper employment of such a force. Media preoccupation with the plight of ethnic Albanian refugees has fostered expectations that any intervention on the ground will center on Kosovo itself.

Yet replaying Desert Storm on a lesser scale—with success narrowly defined as the liberation of Kosovo—would fall well short of satisfying U.S. strategic objectives. The overriding purpose of any air-ground campaign—indeed, the only adequate justification for expanding the Balkan War—must be to salvage the credibility of NATO and to preserve American claims to leadership in Europe. Only victory that culminates in the removal from power of Milosevic and his cronies can guarantee that result.

This objective has important implications for campaign planning. Geographically, it shifts the focus from Pristina to Belgrade. Operationally, it means that eliminating the security forces propping up the Milosevic regime becomes the top priority, rather than protecting Kosovar Albanians from further injury and death. Stated another way, the campaign would unfold through four phases: a swift and powerful thrust by NATO into the heart of Serbia; the destruction of Milosevic's army as a cohesive fighting force; the elimination of the existing regime; and the installation of a new government adhering to acceptable norms of behavior.

In crucial respects, this more comprehensive objective would actually ease the military problem faced by NATO planners. Orienting the campaign on Belgrade instead of Pristina obviates the need to position heavy forces and a large logistic base in Albania, with its primitive infrastructure, or in Macedonia, with its unsympathetic government. Instead, it permits NATO to use Hungary as its principal base of operations. A new member of the alliance keen to demonstrate its usefulness, Hungary offers an ideal base for assembling and sustaining NATO forces. Moreover, using Hungary as a springboard from which to attack permits NATO's mechanized forces to exploit the relatively open terrain found in northern Yugoslavia, optimum conditions for maneuver and the employment of NATO's advanced weaponry. Given the

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inadequacies of the Yugoslav military, such an offensive, executed with determination, can have only one outcome: defeat for Milosevic.

Yet mounting an operation out of Hungary would take weeks to prepare. However much Milosevic may give the appearance of someone hard pressed to hold his own in a decent bowling league, much less in a real war, he has thus far out-generaled the West's well-coifed and smooth-talking brass. He is a wily opponent who in the war's opening round has forced Washington and Brussels to dance to his tune.

Unlike the passive and obliging Saddam Hussein in 1990, therefore, Milosevic is unlikely to stand by while NATO prepares its attack. What's more, as a realist, he knows that a conventional defense is doomed to fail. In an otherwise weak hand, he retains two reasonably strong cards. The first is the remnant of ethnic Albanians still in Kosovo, an asset that Milosevic can exploit to confuse, manipulate, or divide his adversaries. And the second is the possibility of confronting NATO not with a short fight that pits army against army but with an ugly and protracted "people's war."

THE SECOND FRONT

Denying Milosevic the first card would oblige NATO to open a southern front, using the 12,000-member NATO garrison already located in Macedonia (although currently diverted to assisting refugees). Highly mobile units flown in from the United States—elements of the 82nd Airborne Division, for example—would stiffen this force. The mission of the southern front would be a distinctly subsidiary one: to create an enclave that protects ethnic Albanians while the main attack develops from the north.

To mobilize the Serb people themselves to fight, the government in Belgrade would portray the threat posed by NATO in nationalist hues. Denying Milosevic the nationalist card would demand political finesse rather than brute force. For that reason—given the Clinton administration's overall record of diplomatic malfeasance—it may pose NATO's greatest point of vulnerability.

Serbs may well fight to defend the honor and integrity of Serbia. But if they perceive the cause as nothing more than guaranteeing the survival of Milosevic and his lieutenants, they may be less inclined to grab an assault rifle and head into the hills to fight. Thus, throughout the period of the NATO buildup in Hungary, it would be incumbent upon the alliance to assure Serbs that NATO's quarrel is with Milosevic, not with Serbia. That assurance should include an explicit statement of war aims precluding any change in the status of Kosovo.

A war against Milosevic rather than a war for Kosovo is a conflict that the United States and its allies can win handily. Having plunged recklessly into an ill-conceived war, the Clinton administration will proclaim that a great victory has been won. But success will not come without cost, in blood as well as treasure. Once achieved, it will impose new burdens that few Americans will welcome: The U.S. will inevitably bear the chief responsibility for rebuilding and rehabilitating a post-Milosevic Yugoslavia. Clinton, Albright, Berger, et al., will retire to write their memoirs. The rest of us will end up taking care of the broken crockery. **NR**

Faking It

Do we *really* care about Kosovo?

OWEN HARRIES

As many readers will know, Rudyard Kipling once wrote a poem called "The Gods of the Copybook Headings." It is about how, through the ages, mankind has sought to evade and deny the hard, simple truths that have always defined human existence—those precepts and maxims that children learn at school and then forget—in favor of easier and softer options.

But, maintains Kipling, inexorably those elementary—and elemental—truths insist on reasserting themselves:

As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,
The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return!

One way of looking at the predicament we are now in concerning Kosovo is that, after a decade of posturing and prevarication, of inflated rhetoric and easy options, of inflicting pinpricks and pretending they were hammerblows, the Gods of the Copybook Headings have caught up with us and applied the reality principle to our foreign policy. The result is not pretty.

A tenet of foreign policy (and, indeed, of most human endeavor) is that if you will the end you must also will the means. It has a corollary: If you are not prepared to will the means, you should forget about the end. In the last decade—the decade of the cheap hawk—this tenet has been systematically violated, not primarily in the allocation of dollars but in the combination of large ambition ("the indispensable nation") and extreme parsimony regarding the taking of casualties and the shedding of blood. A strong case can be made for a bold, assertive foreign policy by the United States. A case of a different kind can also be made for giving very high priority to protecting American lives—including even the lives of professional, volunteer soldiers. But no case at all can be made for combining the two.

Yet this is what the United States has been trying to do for the better part of a decade. To the extent that it has got away with it until now, it has done so by faking both ends and means. The former have usually been described in grandiose terms in the preamble, but in much more timid and flexible terms in the small print (flexibility being a specialty of the forty-second president); the latter have involved substituting flashy but fairly innocuous displays of military technology for the more effective but politically costly use of human resources.

But all this can only work for a time. Sooner rather than later, attitudes toward ends and means have to be brought into balance, either by becoming more modest about the first or more ruthless about the second. Yet any advocacy of such a commonsensical adjustment has been fiercely denounced.

Mr. Harries is editor of *The National Interest*.

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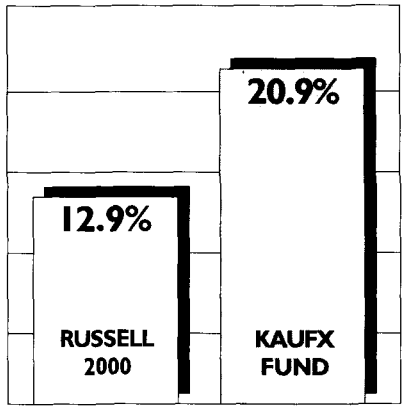

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Anyone advocating the scaling down of ends has been routinely accused of being "neo-isolationist"; anyone advocating a greater willingness to bear costs, especially human costs, is open to the charge of being callous, politically insensitive, and premodern.

Part of the problem—an important part—arises from the nature of the ends in question. I would offer as a basic truth, a Copybook Heading, that a people, any people, will be prepared to bear heavy, sustained cost in blood (treasure is another matter) only when it believes that its interests are directly and seriously at risk. It may quite sincerely believe in

We have a situation that in some respects—certainly not in all—is analogous to the one we faced in Vietnam.

other, wider, larger, more idealistic ends, but not, in the absence of supporting national interests, to the point of suffering large-scale casualties in their pursuit. Though we may regret it, no substantial war involving serious carnage has ever been fought for the sake of human rights or the spread of democracy. Political leaders, unless they are determined to make their mark as major innovators, would do well to factor that into their formulation of foreign policy.

To be fair, it should be acknowledged that this is usually at least half recognized when a crucial step is about to be taken. However much national interests may normally be disparaged as parochial in an age of globalization, or selfish in an age of humanitarianism, when a difficult policy has to be sold there is invariably some effort to justify it in terms of those interests. The trouble is that people who don't normally think in terms of such interests are not much good at it in times of crisis, so what we tend to get is more fakery.

Sometimes this takes the form of extravagant claims concerning interdependence, proving that as ultimately everything is related to everything else, our vital interests must somehow be involved. Sometimes, as with President Clinton's attempts to relate America's commitment to Kosovo to the outbreak of two world wars in the Balkans, it takes the form of bad history. Apart from the fact that the beginning of World War II had nothing to do with the Balkans, World War I began at a time when the interests of three vast empires collided in the region, making it one of extraordinary geopolitical sensitivity. That is no longer the case. Now, properly considered, it should be an insignificant backwater, and it has taken a good deal of determined, sustained political stupidity to make it otherwise.

Another Copybook Heading that has been violated with respect to Kosovo: Know Your Enemy. For rhetorical purposes, President Clinton compared Slobodan Milosevic to Hitler, but in crafting a strategy he treated him as a cynical opportunist who would come to heel when a little pain was inflicted. The first characterization was nonsense, and, in typical Clinton fashion, we have heard no more about it since its initial trial run. The second characterization is at the very least oversimple and may be dangerously wrong. Milosevic comes from a very hard school, in a very hard region, where the sight of blood is familiar and where quarrels are pursued with a ruthless vengeance. Certainly, he began by deliberately exploiting Serbian nationalism, but by now he may well be its prisoner. That, at least, is the opinion of Lawrence Eagleburger, one of the few Americans who both understand foreign policy and have close firsthand knowledge of Yugoslavia: "Serb nationalism is the real ruler here. Whoever would follow Mr. Milosevic would certainly be just as bad. Or he might even be worse—a true believer in the nationalist cause." But if Serbian nationalism is the real ruler, it doesn't make a great deal of difference whether the ostensible ruler is or is not a true believer, for in either case he is riding a tiger.

Again, those who study the subject assure us that not only is Serbian nationalism strong, it attaches tremendous importance to Kosovo. So we have a situation that in some respects—certainly not in all—is analogous to the one we faced in Vietnam three and a half decades ago. We are militarily much stronger than our adversary, but he has much, much more at stake than we have. In the case of Vietnam his will outlasted ours. More recently we have the example of Saddam Hussein, who also seems capable of outlasting us. Whether the same is true of the Serbs remains to be seen.

At the time of this writing, the near-consensus among the foreign-policy elite in Washington is that, whatever the flaws in the original case for waging war over Kosovo, there is now no alternative to pressing on, even if that means sending in ground troops. The cost of not doing so, it is insisted, would be prohibitive. But while it is certainly true that it would be very high, that in itself is not conclusive. The real question is whether it would be higher than the cost of doing the opposite, and that is not an easy question to answer.

For ordinary Americans, the strongest argument for going on is likely to be to alleviate the condition of the Kosovar refugees, as graphically illustrated on television screens. For the foreign-policy establishment the overriding argument turns on the necessity to protect America's—and NATO's—future credibility. If, having started the thing, we do not now prevail, the future costs all over the world, in terms of emboldened thugs, rogue states, and terrorists, will be steep. To be diplomatically effective, strength must be seen to comprehend will as well as capacity, and after the ducking and weaving that has gone on for seven years there are already too many doubts about American will. In addition, if there were to be a faltering now it is quite possible that NATO's imminent fiftieth birthday would be its last as an effective alliance.

These are valid and serious arguments. But then they, or something very like them, were also serious and valid arguments in 1965, when the question of how to proceed with respect to Vietnam was the issue, and in the end the policy they gave rise to turned out to be not such a good idea. While it may not rise to the level of a Copybook Heading, the adage "When you find yourself in a hole, stop digging" often makes good sense.

In any case, there are two serious arguments against going in deeper. First, it may not be sustainable. Taken seriously, doing so means putting in ground troops. Putting in ground troops means sustaining serious casualties, quite likely over a lengthy period of time. Given currently prevailing American

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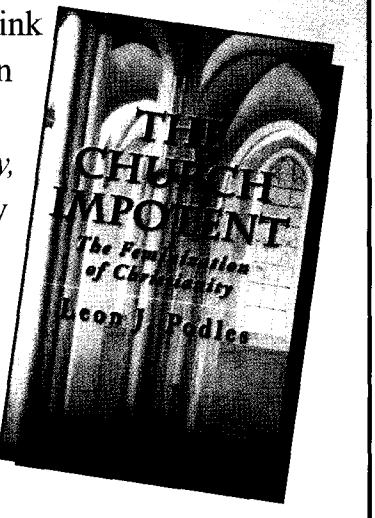

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attitudes to casualties, the ability to stay the course must therefore be questionable. And when we consider the character of a president who has made a career of responding to poll figures and feeling people's pain, and who in terms of his place in History will be desperate not to end his term in office in a Balkan quagmire, it becomes very, very questionable indeed. Bear in mind, too, that the consequences of faltering even farther down the track would be even more dire than those involved in quitting now.

THE COSTS OF VICTORY

The second argument against going in deeper is that in the end it may succeed and that this may be even more daunting than defeat. Because what does one do then? The Rambouillet formula is surely dead. The only thing that seems feasible is an "independent" Kosovo, one that would in practice mean a second American (or NATO) protectorate in this miserable and inconsequential region for the indefinite future. In such an arrangement, "indefinite" may be the operative word: It could mean keeping American troops there for decades (Brent Scowcroft is on record as envisioning a stay of up to 50 years), or it could mean a brief and abruptly terminated stay, for while America's intentions are pure, in the absence of a compelling national interest its attention span is sometimes uncertain (consult the Meo, ask the Kurds).

There is also the question of what kind of country we would be protecting. Currently the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) is seen as the good guy in the fight, made up of heroic freedom fighters and lovers of democracy. Some of those who know them well have reservations. The Oxford historian Mark Almond, a Balkan specialist, warns that the KLA has a Marxist-style liberation ideology, close ties with the Albanian mafia, and a serious involvement in the drug trade. He may exaggerate, but it is unlikely that there is no truth in that characterization. As well as knowing one's enemy, one should know one's client.

In any case, the assumption of protectorate responsibilities would tend to cast doubt on, rather than to confirm, the resolve of the United States to act the policeman in the future. For how many nasty little wars and protectorate responsibilities over dangerous but otherwise obscure places would Washington and the American people be prepared to countenance? And how many *should* they be prepared to countenance?

One of the most serious costs of going in deeper would be the serious alienation of Russia. Proclaimers of the primacy of human rights in foreign policy may not worry much about such an outcome, but the prospect of an unstable, truculent Russia that still possesses 20,000 nuclear warheads (which can be sold as well as used) is a serious one—much more serious than a bullyboy Serbia.

I started by quoting a poet. I will end by quoting another, and greater, one. In "Paradise Lost," John Milton writes of

> *A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog*
> *Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,*
> *Where armies whole have sunk.*

I don't know how good Milton's geography is, but the image he presents invites reflection before we proceed further into the Balkans. **NR**

Nouveau Warfare

How the sensitive do it.

MARK STEYN

YUGOSLAVIA is the fourth country Bill Clinton has bombed in just over six months, so he's obviously getting a taste for it. Whether the rest of us are is another matter.

Traditionally, the American people rally round their president in time of war. But Clinton's numbers have fallen to pre-Monica levels: The American people, it seems, are prepared to rally round their president in time of sex, but, as for anything else, forget it. In moving on from non-marital sex to non-martial war, Bill Clinton has found his place in history, as the pioneer of his own distinctive military strategy. Herewith, an at-a-glance guide to the new rules of Warfare for Wussies:

1) Old-style war aim: Total Belgrade!
New-style war aim: Partial degrade.

In the Clinton era, we no longer invade countries, fight battles, occupy territory, topple the foe; we no longer even, as we liked to boast in the Gulf War, kick a**. In short, we no longer *win*. Instead, we "degrade"—a word few of us had ever heard in a military context until Clinton stumbled on it. So pre-Easter the USAF bombed key Yugoslav installations in order to degrade Slobodan Milosevic's capacity, just as pre-Ramadan they bombed key Iraqi installations in order to degrade Saddam Hussein's capacity, and pre-Labor Day they bombed key terrorist installations in order to degrade Osama bin Laden's capacity. At the time, we were told that the degrading had been so successful that Saddam's weapons program had been set back a year, but afterwards officials in Washington conceded privately that it was closer to, oh, maybe a couple of weeks. In Afghanistan, the bombing apparently degraded Osama bin Laden's "infrastructure"—which in this instance would seem to be a couple of huts. You'd think Bill Clinton of all people would know how easy it is for a leader to be "degraded" and survive.

2) Old war: We won't come back till it's over over there!
New war: We won't go over till it's over over there!

The NATO secretary-general's present position (which is to say, as of this lunchtime) is that there are still no plans to send in ground troops—except as peacekeepers. The purpose of the air strikes, he says, is to make Kosovo safe enough for peacekeepers to keep the peace in. Unlike earlier moral crusades such as the Spanish Civil War—which involved taking sides and getting killed—this one just requires us to loose Tomahawk missiles at a million bucks a pop. If we're morally affronted, we'll bomb you, but don't expect us to

Mr. Steyn is a columnist for Britain's *Daily Telegraph* and Canada's *National Post*.

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show up in person until you threaten our national interests. This is an oddly Clintonian distinction. But the U.S. military is also increasingly inclined to the view that, like every other aspect of modern American life, it should be risk-free: As Gen. Colin Powell, advising against intervention in Bosnia, told President Clinton, "We do deserts, we don't do mountains." Six years on, they barely do deserts. Indeed, thanks to the complicating factor of his past, this commander in chief is reluctant to let them leave their barracks. The U.S. Postal Service now has a higher fatality rate than the U.S. military—and, in many ways, they're more frightening.

3) Old war: Shoot first, ask questions later.

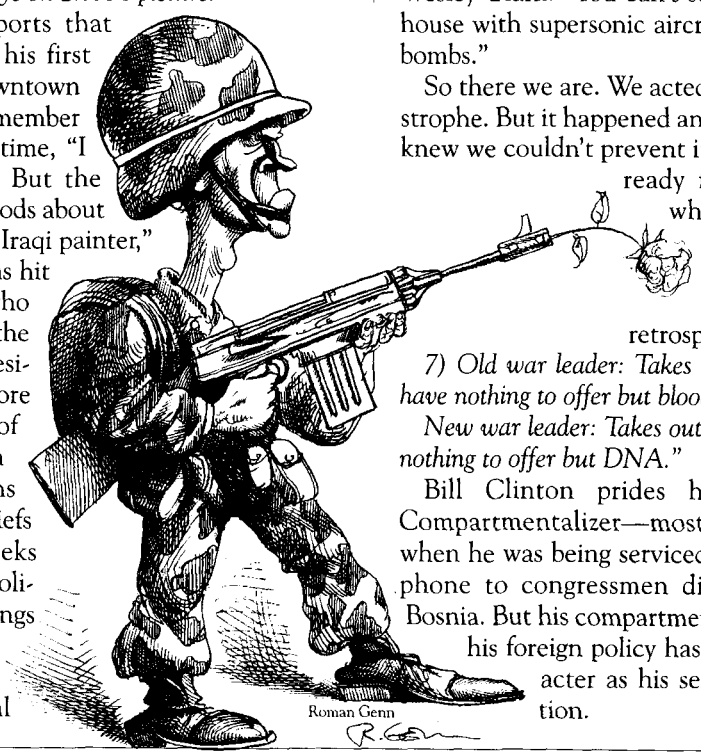
New war: Shoot first, edit the footage later.

In the pre-Clinton era, the big thing was the neutron bomb—a weapon whose purpose was to destroy the people but leave their buildings intact. Today, the new humanitarian NATO is a neutron bomb in reverse: It leaves the people intact but destroys their buildings. Very considerately, we give them a week's notice so they can get all their filing cabinets and personal memorabilia out. Then, in the middle of the night, so it'll show up clearer on the grainy video footage, we drop millions of dollars' worth of missiles on an empty Ministry of Pensions building, light up the Belgrade skyline, and give those two British spokespersons at NATO HQ something to talk about. "As you can see," says the plummy general with the pointer, "the bomb is dropping straight through the building, its progress unimpeded by desks, chairs, photocopiers, or decorative rugs. Its rapid descent to the basement confirms our intelligence reports that the entire edifice was, in fact, abandoned a week ago." "Yuss," says the cockney lad who serves as press officer. "Oi fink we've sent a strong message to Slobo that, unless he accepts the Rambouillet accords, he's gonna have a lotta office furniture and nowhere to bloody well store it."

4) Old war: Always keep an eye on the big picture.

New war: Always keep an eye on Slobo's picture.

The *New York Times* reports that Clinton is still haunted by his first cruise-missile attack, on downtown Baghdad, in June 1993. I remember the president saying at the time, "I feel comfortable about it." But the *Times* reports that he still broods about Layla al-Attar, "a celebrated Iraqi painter," who died when her home was hit by a misguided missile and who has the distinction of being the first civilian killed by this president (if you discount the more lurid rumors coming out of Arkansas). Perhaps as a result, artistic considerations now weigh heavy on the Chiefs of Staff. It emerged two weeks into the war that even the policy of shattering empty buildings is strictly circumscribed: Apparently they won't be bombing the presidential palace in Belgrade because it has a Rembrandt on the first floor. The Pentagon may not know about war, but they know what they like. Whether it's a minor Rembrandt or maybe even mere "school of," I cannot say. Possibly they'd have fewer qualms about damaging, say, the famous Van Gogh self-portrait: After all, he's already got a bandaged ear.



5) Old war aim: Triumphant victory.

New war aim: Triangulated victory.

Just as Clinton won the election by co-opting all of the Republicans' policies, so NATO is winning the war by co-opting all of the Serbs' war aims. We intervened to prevent a humanitarian disaster: We accelerated it. We intervened to prevent the crisis from spreading and destabilizing neighboring countries: It has spread. We intervened to "degrade" Slobodan Milosevic's military capability: Instead, he's doing a pretty good job of degrading ours.

Air-launched cruise missiles—the weapon of choice in Nintendo warfare—cost about two million bucks to fire, and, at the time of writing, Slobo has taken about 80 of them. He only has to absorb another 70 and that's it: We'll have none left. So the Pentagon has now asked Congress for an extra $51 million to convert their stock of cruise missiles with nuclear warheads into cruise missiles with conventional explosives. In other words, the U.S. military is now demanding additional taxpayer monies to degrade its own capability. To some of us, de-nuking our cruise missiles so that they're safe enough to lob at Belgrade is almost a textbook definition of an unnecessary expense.

6) Old war aim: Win!

New war aim: Spin!

March 24th: "We act to protect thousands of innocent people in Kosovo from a mounting military offensive," declares President Clinton. A week later: "We never thought that through air power we could stop these killings on the ground," explains Supreme Allied Commander General Wesley Clark. "You can't stop paramilitaries going house to house with supersonic aircraft flying overhead and dropping bombs."

So there we are. We acted to prevent a humanitarian catastrophe. But it happened anyway. But that's okay. Because we knew we couldn't prevent it. So, when it happened, we were ready for it. Who needs a Blitzkrieg when you can have a Wolf Blitzkrieg? As Bill Clinton learnt with Gennifer, Paula, Monica, et al., the story can always be retrospectively modified.

7) Old war leader: Takes out Churchillian cigar and says, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat."

New war leader: Takes out Lewinskian cigar and says, "I have nothing to offer but DNA."

Bill Clinton prides himself on being The Great Compartmentalizer—most famously on those occasions when he was being serviced by Monica while he was on the phone to congressmen discussing troop deployments in Bosnia. But his compartmentalizing is all to hell: These days, his foreign policy has taken on the same forlorn character as his sex life—it never reaches completion.

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The president sent the boys into Bosnia for a year: They're still there, and the Dayton peace accords they were supposed to enforce have been conveniently forgotten. He sent them to Haiti to restore democracy: They're still there, even though Haiti now has a military government.

A war without war aims is, inevitably, kinda aimless. What did Clinton want Kosovo to look like when the smoke cleared from the battlefield? An independent country? Not really. Slobodan gone? Not particularly. He just wanted them to be nicer to each other—or anyway nice enough so that they drop off the evening news. "Make love, not war," they said in the Sixties. As Clinton swaggers to the podium, he'd like us to believe this is one boomer who can make both. But he does both inconclusively, and the American people know which they prefer.

8) Old brutal warmonger's leisure activity: Rape and pillage.

New humanitarian warmonger's leisure activity: Hey, one out of two ain't bad! **NR**

Clinton at War

What Kosovo tells us about the president's character.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

If history is the lengthened shadow of a man, what does the darkness over Kosovo show about Bill Clinton?

Maybe we should begin by saying what it does not show. Bill Clinton is not bungling his war because he never fought himself. Over a third of the presidents have served in the military, but their records as leaders are quite mixed. So are the records of the chief executives who led purely or substantially civilian lives. Jimmy Carter graduated from the Naval Academy and commanded a nuclear submarine. Abraham Lincoln had a fleeting, noncombatant stint in an Indian war and was a peacenik congressman during the Mexican War. But which one showed greater determination and strategic grasp? Franklin Pierce fought in battle; Franklin Roosevelt didn't.

Recriminations have begun early—days after the bombing started the Joint Chiefs let the world know that they had warned against relying on air power alone—and when Clinton himself gets going, we will hear the old cry of "bad advisors." Madeleine Albright should fear going the way of Lani Guinier. But bad advisors are not the problem either. In 1814, former president Thomas Jefferson wrote President James Madison to cheer him up, after the British had burned the White House: "Every reasonable man must be sensible that all you can do is to order,—that execution must depend on others, and failures be imputed to them alone. . . . Had General Washington himself been now at the head of our affairs, the same event would probably have happened." Probably not, because Washington wouldn't have picked the sad sacks that Madison had—or that Clinton has.

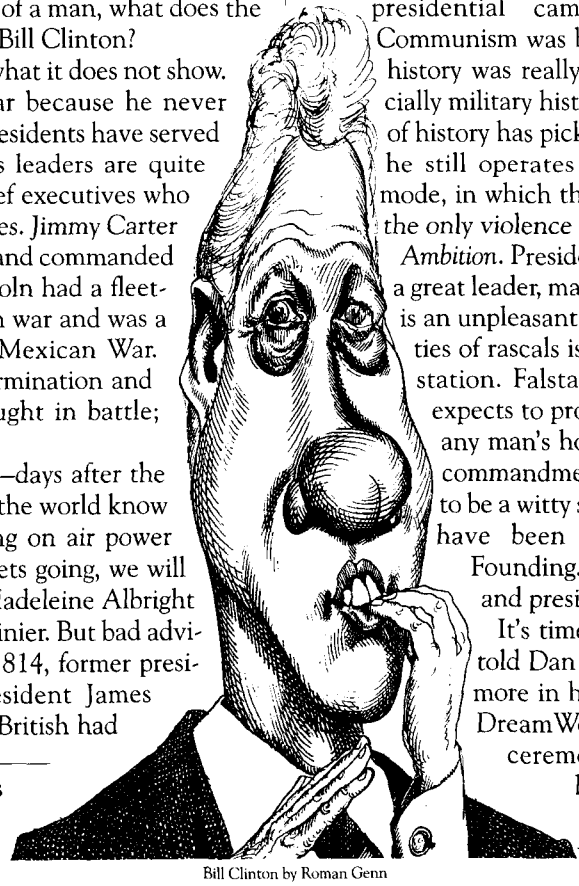
Clinton's bad performance can be traced, not to his own unmilitary life or to incompetent underlings, but to basic traits of his character—two of them somewhat surprising, one painfully well known.

Ignorance. Everybody has said of Clinton, since he appeared on the national stage, that he is intelligent and well informed. Certainly he has a wonk's delight in the details of domestic policy, and an operative's interest in polling and politicking. But his interest and his information have limits, and foreign and military affairs are outside them. Take one glaring instance. In a pre-war discussion of Kosovo with congressmen, Clinton said that air power had brought about the present balance of power in Bosnia by stopping the Serbs. In fact the Serbs were checked by a combination of air power and beefed-up Croatian and Muslim armies. This was not some arcane historical datum—a page from *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, Rebecca West's 60-year-old classic on the Balkans, that he had unaccountably skipped. The balance of power in Bosnia had changed during his own administration. It is typical of politicians to distort the accomplishments of their predecessors. It is strange when they distort their own.

Clinton's ignorance about foreign countries, and about the military policies of his own country, did not affect his performance in Arkansas, and it seemed irrelevant during his first presidential campaign, when the collapse of Communism was being hailed as the end of history. If history was really over, why bother to learn it, especially military history? As luck would have it, the pace of history has picked up in Clinton's second term. But he still operates in his Little Rock/*Primary Colors* mode, in which the only foreigner is Charlie Trie, and the only violence is biting women's lips.

Ambition. President Clinton, it turns out, wants to be a great leader, maybe even a great military leader. This is an unpleasant surprise. One of the tolerable qualities of rascals is that they do not aspire above their station. Falstaff's vices trouble us only when he expects to profit by Harry's kingship: "Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment." If Aaron Burr had been content to be a witty spendthrift and womanizer, he would have been an interesting curlicue on the Founding. When he wanted to be a general and president, other men became alarmed.

It's time to be alarmed about Clinton, who told Dan Rather that he is like FDR. He sees more in his future than chasing script girls at DreamWorks; he wants to give speeches at ceremonies commemorating his war for humanitarianism. Partly this is the serial sincerity that Newt Gingrich and others have noted in the



Bill Clinton by Roman Genn

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR senior editor, is author most recently of *Alexander Hamilton, American.*

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It's as simple as

1. "On the medical evidence available, moderate indulgence in cannabis has little ill effect on health" *The Lancet*[1]

2. Less than one percent of marijuana users become regular users of cocaine or heroin. Dept. of HHS[2]

3. Last year, 600,000± people were arrested for mere possession of marijuana. FBI[3]

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A complete discussion of the effects of marijuana is available from Marijuana Myths /Marijuana Facts: A review of the scientific evidence by Lynn Zimmer, Ph.D., and John Morgan, MD, available form Bookworld Services 1-800-444-2524.

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[1] Source: Editorial, "Dangerous Habits," *The Lancet*, Vol. 352, No. 9140, November 14, 1998. *The Lancet* is one of the world's leading medical journals. They reached this conclusion after publishing a symposium on marijuana.
[2] Source: Department of HHS, *National Household Survey on Drug Abuse*, 1997.
[3] Source: FBI, *Uniform Crime Reports*, 1998.

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man—the actor's ability (founded, as it is in many actors, on inner emptiness) to switch from role to role. Partly it is the old concern for legacy: Health-care reform didn't work; triangulation is too much like inside baseball; why not war? Since Clinton's ambition is an impulse, unconnected to any preparation, pilots and Kosovars will bear the costs of its failure.

Malleability. By this I do not mean Clinton's lack of principle and purpose, but his expectation that everyone else is equally malleable, at least as far he is concerned. Like most charmers, he expects charm to carry him far. Like psychopathic charmers, he expects charm to carry him all the way. And who can say that he is wrong? Until now Bill Clinton never met anyone who was both implacable and successful. Politicians who ran against him obviously did not just grin and give up. But campaigning is a game with well-understood rules—afterwards everybody shakes hands—and Clinton has almost always won at it. Newt Gingrich once looked forbidding, as did Clinton's enemies during the impeachment crisis. But Gingrich lost his nerve after the budget standoff of 1995, and Clinton managed to evade the impeachment posse in one piece, if not unscathed. Probably the toughest person he ever dealt with was Roger Clinton, his brute of a stepfather. But the elder Clinton was tough only towards women and boys. As soon as Bill became a teenager, the old drunk backed off. Everyone else in Bill Clinton's life has responded to him (or, at least, not effectively resisted).

Until Milosevic and the Serbs. The Serbs are not the rugged Partisans of 50 years ago. Milosevic's soldiers have been most effective against unarmed villagers and lightly armed militias, such as the Croatians and Bosnian Moslems at the beginning of the Bosnian conflict. They are best at raping and pillaging, and they seem to need pre-battle infusions of drugs to accomplish even that. But Milosevic is betting the house on his war policy, and he is calling on old hatreds and insecurities to animate his people; it will take force to stop him.

What in Bill Clinton's arsenal of responses prepares him to know this? Clinton habitually relies on three tools in dealing with others. The first is genial empathy. Early in his first term, *Human Events* threw a big party and hired a Clinton impersonator to work the tables. I was sitting with Bill Kristol, and when "Clinton" showed up, he said that, yes, there had been hard words over health care, but (smiling) he respected Kristol for all that. What made the bit hilarious was not just that the impersonator looked and sounded like Clinton, but that the warm greeting was exactly the kind of thing Clinton would do. All right, he wouldn't go to a *Human Events* party. But if he found himself in an elevator full of Clinton-haters, every one of them would think better of him by the time they all reached the lobby floor.

Clinton's second tool is polls. If you take your cues for what to think from other people, then you have to find out what they think. Dick Morris was merely his instrument, not his Svengali. Clinton polls to find issues (tobacco). He polls to find non-issues (school uniforms). He probably got Buddy because polls showed that Socks wasn't cutting it. Poll data are different from the ward heeler's feel for his constituents, or from knowledge of human nature. But in times of peace and prosperity they can accomplish wonders of fine-tuning.

Clinton's third tool is lying. Unlike some politicians—Jefferson, for instance—Clinton does not tell occasional lies to separate the unpleasant aspects of his personality (in Jefferson's case, cunning and will-to-power) from the admirable ones (idealism and intelligence). Clinton has no personality to speak of, so his lying is all-pervasive. All that matters is this moment, this turn in the road. Lying about past statements and deeds is the quickest way to adjust his course. It leaves a spotty trail behind, like leaking antifreeze. But so long as all he had to lie about was campaign promises, or testimony in civil suits, his lies were not serious.

How will these techniques help him now? Milosevic needs conflict and killing to stay in power; charm won't make any impression there. Whom can Clinton poll? Serbia is a dictatorship, and the Kosovars don't have time for focus groups. Lying can accomplish much in wartime, but—like air power—it has to be backed up.

The president Bill Clinton turns out to resemble most is Lyndon Johnson—domestically oriented, politically skilled, little burdened with scruples or sanity. The man who began his career protesting Johnson's war will end it fighting his own. **NR**

Air Heads

Air power is never enough.

MICHAEL LIND

IN *Things to Come*, Alexander Korda's classic 1936 version of the novel by H. G. Wells, a petty dictator in a war-ravaged corner of Europe is waging a campaign against the neighboring "hill people." The year is 1970. The "Boss," a Milosevic type played by Ralph Richardson, is thwarted by Wings Over The World (WTW), a group of scientists and engineers planning to rebuild civilization along rational and cosmopolitan lines. Their colossal, high-tech aircraft easily best the Boss's primitive planes and humanely neutralize his population with the harmless, sleep-inducing Gas of Peace. Standing over the corpse of the Boss—a casualty, evidently, of obsolescence—the allegorical John Cabal, played by Raymond Massey, declaims: "Poor old Boss. He and his flags and his follies. And now for the rule of the Airmen—and a new life for mankind!"

Substitute NATO for WTW, and the silver-haired Bill Clinton for the silver-haired John Cabal, and you have something like today's war of the West against Serbia. Unfortunately, the absence of a Gas of Peace in NATO's arsenal almost certainly ensures that in real life, unlike in the

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movies, a utopian New Order is unlikely to be realized by means of air power alone.

Unlike H. G. Wells in the 1930s, we know that air power seldom if ever wins a war. Even Japan's decision to surrender in World War II following the atomic bombings might have been influenced by Soviet entry into the Pacific war. Bombing failed to defeat Nazi Germany, bombing alone did not roll back North Korean forces, and bombing did not prevent North Vietnam from continuing its ultimately successful war against South Vietnam. Bombing by itself would not have liberated Kuwait from the forces of Saddam Hussein, whose regime, moreover, has survived repeated rounds of massive U.S. bombardment, including that of last winter.

Nevertheless, the Clinton administration chose to bomb Serbia, with no back-up plan for the employment of ground forces in case the bombing failed. The result—the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo by Serb forces, while the bombs fall on Belgrade—is the greatest military humiliation for the United States since the fall of Indochina.

THE WRONG LESSON

Indeed, the disaster in Kosovo has demonstrated that Americans—and American conservatives, in particular—learned the wrong lesson from the Vietnam debacle. For a generation, many conservative civilians have credited the claims of some military officers that more intense U.S. bombing of North Vietnam could have quickly and easily ended the Vietnam War. In his 1976 memoir, *A Soldier Reports*, Gen. William C. Westmoreland wrote that "the war still might have been ended within a few years, except for the ill-considered policy of graduated response against North Vietnam. Bomb a little bit, stop it a while to give the enemy a chance to cry uncle, then bomb a little bit more but never enough to really hurt. That was no way to win." Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff during the latter part of the Vietnam War, claimed in 1987 that without restrictions on bombing "we could have polished those clowns off in six months."

In retrospect, it is clear that the Vietnam War could not have been won by air power alone. The Johnson administration's limited bombing campaign failed to deter Ho Chi Minh, a ruthless Stalinist tyrant as willing as Saddam to inflict enormous costs on his hapless subjects; the more intense campaign favored by the Pentagon probably would have failed as well. Nor is there any merit to the argument that a "sharp knock" instead of gradual bombing would have changed the outcome of the war. The historian Robert A. Pape, in *Bombing to Win* (1996), notes that a twelve-week bombing campaign from August to October 1967 "closely approximates the air chiefs' plans. There is no evidence that executing the sharp knock in 1965, instead of 1967, would have produced better results." Apart from ruling out some targets for legitimate strategic and diplomatic reasons, Johnson did not "tie the hands of the military." In 1966, for example, U.S. aircraft flew 81,000 attack sorties and 48,000 combat-support sorties against North Vietnam; in the panhandle of Laos there were 48,000 attack sorties and 10,000 combat-support sorties. Johnson and his advisors could not possibly have supervised these.

Air power could not be used to destroy North Vietnam's industrial base because there was none. The industrial base of North Vietnam was the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact satellites and China. The Communist Great Powers funneled supplies to the Vietnamese Communists overland through China, through North Vietnamese ports, and also through the Cambodian port of Sihanoukville.

Nor was bombing an effective approach to combating the Vietcong insurgents. "Not to denigrate what we accomplished against Hussein, but Hussein was no military strategist," former secretary of the Navy James Webb wrote after the Gulf War. "If Ho Chi Minh had put 60 percent of his army in one spot where there were not any trees, we would have blown them away in 40 days too." Only after North Vietnam switched to a conventional invasion strategy, following the decimation of the Vietcong guerrillas in the Tet Offensive of 1968, did Communist forces became more vulnerable to the kind of air power Nixon used in halting the Easter Offensive in 1972.

The genuine Lesson of Vietnam, then, is not that air power is a military panacea; rather, it is that the U.S. military was not, and arguably is not, prepared to fight long-term, low-intensity wars on the ground. This bias reflects the traditions of the Army, and its offspring the Air Force. For various reasons, including the low toleration for casualties on the part of the American public, the indiscipline of militiamen and conscripts, and the comparative advantage of the U.S. in industrial production, the military has preferred to "spend shells, not men." The emphasis on long-range firepower shared by Winfield Scott, an artillery officer, and Ulysses S. Grant, who manned a cannon during the Mexican War, lives on in the doctrine named after Colin Powell, like Scott and Grant a product of the Army. The Powell doctrine, which holds that the U.S. should use massive firepower if it goes to war at all, effectively rules out the use of the military in situations in which an all-out offensive would be inappropriate.

The only one of the services with a tradition of expertise in low-intensity conflict is the Marine Corps, which, unlike the Army, played the major role in long-term pacification efforts in the Philippines, Haiti, and Nicaragua. It is no coincidence that Marine generals like Victor "Brute" Krulak and Lewis W. Walt were among the most insightful critics of the firepower-intensive attrition strategy in Vietnam devised by that Army general, Westmoreland.

Given the American military's preference for air power and attrition tactics, and the reluctance of American presidents to risk the lives of ground troops, it was perhaps inevitable that bombing would become the instrument of choice in the coercive diplomacy of the United States. Before Clinton tried to bomb Milosevic into negotiations, Reagan bombed Libya to punish it for terrorism (the result was the Libyan bombing of Pan Am 103). Although light-infantry formations are most appropriate for the kinds of low-intensity conflicts in which the U.S. is likely to take part in the near future, including the war in Kosovo proper, the Army today has even fewer light-infantry formations, compared with armored and mechanized divisions, than it did during the Cold War. A rational great power tailors its tactics to its grand strategy. For decades the United States has been tailoring its strategy to its tactics. If all you have is a hammer, everything looks like a nail. **NR**

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The Casualty Myth

Americans can stand the sight of blood.

JONATHAN FOREMAN

SOMETHING is clearly wrong when our closest allies in the Kosovo war look askance at our unwillingness to risk any casualties at all (as opposed to unnecessary ones) and our apparent desire to minimize casualties even among the enemy. Some of the British pilots flying out of Italy—and bear in mind it's only the RAF who have, at the time of writing, engaged in any low-level attacks on Serbian ethnic-cleansing forces—dismiss the desultory NATO air campaign as "nancying around." They see the high-altitude, minimum-risk, low-intensity strategy of the first three weeks as effeminate and useless, bordering on the cowardly. And indeed a campaign largely limited to cruise-missile strikes on empty offices, and high-altitude air raids with laser-guided bombs (that happen to require perfect, cloudless weather), has had no discernible effect on the enemy's ability or willingness to continue the brutalizing of Kosovo.

Within our own armed forces, there are those who wonder if the military hasn't learned lessons from the traumatizing political fallout of the Vietnam War a little too well. A senior U.S. officer teaching at an American staff college cites with some bitterness the recent mission statement of the Army's European Command, which holds that its primary objective is "To Protect and Take Care of the Force." He points out that "force protection" has become "an obsession" in the post–Cold War military, one that is damaging on many levels. This obsession is a mindset associated with Gen. Colin Powell and the doctrine that bears his name.

The most obvious problem with an exaggerated concern for casualties is the way it limits our military options and forces a reliance on high-tech, stand-off technology. But excessive emphasis on force protection also damages military morale and is a major reason for some of the difficulty the Army, Air Force, and Navy are having with recruiting and re-enlistment. (It's instructive that the Marine Corps, the one branch of the armed forces whose powerful internal culture precludes the embrace of such a doctrine, has no trouble getting young people to join up.) Soldiers assigned to Haiti complained that they spent so much time and energy keeping out of harm's way, they were able to accomplish much less than they would have.

Of course, it's easy for armchair strategists to fire off bloodthirsty rhetoric, urging folk in uniform to kill and die from the safety of our libraries. But the crippling caution displayed by the military in the Kosovo war has no precedent in American history and represents a creeping cultural shift that is exacerbated by the inability of successive administrations to lead rather than follow public opinion when it comes to applying force.

Where did this fearful culture come from? There is nothing in 200-plus years of U.S. military history to suggest that Americans are anything but brave and dauntless in war. And U.S. servicemen are no less so today than they have ever been. Yet something has changed, as is made clear by that European Command objective and by NATO's terror of taking risks that would have been quite normal in any previous war. Strangely enough, when the draft was in place, we were far less careful about the prospect of casualties. Now every tyrant in the world thinks he knows that if you kill a couple hundred or even 20 American troops, the rest of them will run away. Saddam Hussein, Hafez Assad, and Slobodan Milosevic himself have all cited the Mogadishu debacle in 1993 or the evacuation from Beirut as the key to understanding American foreign and military policy. And the caution shown by the U.S.-led allies presently confronting the Serbian dictator—in addition to being strategically disastrous—only strengthens the impression that Americans can dish it out (or at least send cruise missiles against "infrastructure" that may hit the wrong target) but not take it.

All armed forces absorb some of the values of the mainstream society. So it's not surprising that elements within the military—especially the senior brass who spend their lives among the country's political and media elites—have assimilated and internalized some of the utopian ways of thinking that make the United States a society increasingly ill prepared to use force in a rational, effective way.

British pilots flying out of Italy dismiss the desultory NATO air campaign as 'nancying around.'

It is partly a technological utopianism—the faith that our dazzling, expensive weapons systems have transformed warfare into something clean and safe and easy. And it is partly a semantic utopianism: the conviction that military force can be used to convey delicate shades of meaning to an enemy. This last dates back to Vietnam, when we began to believe that our power was so great that it could be used sparingly for psychological or political effect. It has a special appeal to sophisticated, secure societies where the subtle interpretation of symbols is part of daily life.

There is also a humanitarian utopianism at work here: the mistaken belief that war can achieve a humane and just goal without using evil and destructive means—or at least using less horrible means than were previously thought necessary. Hence the bombing of office buildings after due warning. NATO's leaders seem to think that we can win this war by damaging the equipment and "degrading the infrastructure" of the enemy. As if, once deprived of their headquarters and maybe some of their tanks, the Serbian troops and paramili-

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taries will get bored of murdering Albanians and just go home. While slaughter itself should of course not be our aim, if we are serious about stopping this ethnic cleansing we have to make it obvious that wearing the uniform of the Yugoslav army is mortally dangerous, and that the only guarantee of survival is desertion.

Now, all these related utopianisms feed off the increasingly risk-averse tendencies of the world's wealthiest, most secure society. It's no secret that as the baby boomers age, America is gripped ever tighter by an obsession with avoiding risk. It's not just because of the litigation explosion that coffee cups have to come with warnings that the contents may be hot, or that you can barely get on a bus without signing a release saying you are aware of the dangers involved. Our very prosperity seems to have bred an expectation that life can and should be fair and safe and secure.

VIETNAM AGAIN

Much of this utopianism is a response to Vietnam: a sense among our civilian and military elites that public and political support for the armed forces and their mission is terribly fragile. But it is not at all clear that the public is as squeamish or as fickle as our civilian and political leaders fear. President Clinton, the mass media, and the senior military brass all assume that the American public will not tolerate military casualties unless foreign troops are swarming Coney Island. But the retreat from Mogadishu was not the result of any public outcry: It came about because nervous politicians pre-empted public opinion. (The same is true of President Bush's decision to end the ground war in Iraq after 100 hours.) And everyone, especially veterans of the domestic anti–Vietnam War movement like Clinton, forgets that it took a full decade before that movement made any headway at all. The condescending assumption that the public has no stomach for real war says less about ordinary people than about our policymaking elites and their own view of things.

War is a kingdom of ugly necessities. It is monstrously naïve and cruel to pretend otherwise. The Duke of Wellington famously said that the "only thing more terrible than a victory is a defeat." If the only moral justification for war is the chance of achieving victory in a just cause, then making war in a way that makes such victory less likely or impossible is insanely cruel and wasteful. What Bill Clinton and the NATO leaders must realize, to quote Macaulay, is that "moderation in war is imbecility." That does not mean that we must become savages and abandon the ethics and laws of war to achieve our humane, civilized ends. It means that we must not allow a naïve urge to make war antiseptically and surgically to undermine our war aims and our credibility as a superpower.

True, the public does not like losing men and women for nothing. But if there is a reasonable chance of victory and our political leaders are able to articulate understandable war aims, then the public will show the fortitude it always has in the past. Americans are not a squeamish people and never have been. To paraphrase the historian David Hackett Fischer, those who have made the fatal mistake of dismissing the Yanks as a soft, commercial, easily intimidated people include British aristocrats, Mexican despots, southern cavalier gentlemen, Wilhelmine warlords, Nazi psychopaths, Japanese imperialists, and various Southeast Asian Communists. Whatever one thinks about the wisdom of getting involved in this conflict, it is now essential for our credibility that we add another group to that list—Balkan bullies. **NR**

A Fog that Descends from Above

The folly of Bill Clinton's war.

MARK HELPRIN

THOUGH the fog of war usually rises from the field of battle, sometimes it descends from the top. Like many in his generation, President Clinton refused to study war and held all things military in contempt. He arrived in the Oval Office purposely ignorant of the most important challenge of any presidency, a tremendously difficult subject that can baffle the greatest statesmen. Even among generals only a small minority have war in their bones; the rest are bureaucrats.

Seldom has a president been so preternaturally unprepared, and seldom has his unpreparedness shone so brightly. In his promiscuity he has extended, to the Ukraine, guarantees of which it is hard to judge which is greater, their dangerousness or their meaninglessness. And in his confusion he has established the principle of directing our shrinking military capacity always to where it is needed least, as in nation-building in Mogadishu, the counting of endangered animals, or the destruction of African pharmaceutical factories.

He accomplished the groundwork for the present failure by simultaneously reducing NATO's military capacity to approximately 40 percent of what he had inherited, while expanding its geographical range and its roster of missions, and changing its orientation from that of a barely manageable defensive alliance to a proactive instrument of gargantuan size and spread. For half a century the brilliance of NATO has been its massive power held in reserve for essential application—but no longer.

This may seem a heartless pronouncement in the face of hundreds of thousands of refugees driven from Kosovo, of mass executions, and of old people and babies dying of exposure in the inhospitable severities of early spring, but none of it would have happened absent American support for ethnic

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Albanian separatism. Always uncertain of cause and effect, and deeply in love with the lie, the administration pretends otherwise. But its stated aims for bombing Serbia were to force upon it the terms of Rambouillet, and the president's representatives were warned that such a course might unleash an attack against civilians. When the administration seeks to remove itself as a cause it says it knew that what has happened was going to happen anyway, but when it maintains that it didn't go against the advice of its generals it says that it had no idea that what has happened was going to happen at all.

We made this war. Without our intervention the Serbs would not have felt the need to visit their atrocities upon the Albanians, and they would not have. If an ethnic Albanian refugee states a similar view he is brought into line by the KLA. If an American does, Madeleine Albright will pigeon-puff. Nonetheless, it is true.

Had the administration not made the United States the instrument of radical ethnic Albanian separatism (as the French might say, *comment?*), Kosovo would have remained, as it had been since the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, a restive and unhappy province like so many other areas of the world in which populations are oppressed or yearn for political unity with an adjoining state. Is it the policy of the United States to support irredentism, separatism, and secession wherever they may be close to ignition and war?

The administration's answer is that the Balkans are "in the heart of Europe." The Balkans, of course, are not in the heart of Europe. They are a backwater separated from the

Otherwise sober commentators lace their columns with epithets worthy of a Stalinist ministry and bay for Serb blood.

European heartland by mountain ranges and salt water, they are entirely unastride the major routes of communication or axes of invasion, and they are strategically and economically inessential. In citing them as the origins of the First and (incorrectly) the Second World Wars, and therefore as justification for his policy of internationalizing their conflicts, President Clinton seems not to comprehend that one of the reasons for the First World War was that the great powers of the time stupidly, mistakenly, and fatally internationalized the conflicts there.

Shall we join with the Basques in their struggle, or the Catalans, the Chechens, the Armenians, and Azerbaijanis? Which shall we support in Northern Ireland, the IRA or the RUC? Do not forget persecuted Russians in the Baltic, and the huge and irredentist Russian minority in the Ukraine. If these do not suffice, Germanophones of the Alto-Adige would like very much to reattach themselves to Austria. And what about the balance of Huguenots and Walloons in Belgium? Has that been attended to of late, or the plight of ethnic Germans in Poland? And in regard to the question of secession, is the president carrying secretly in his breast pocket the—in some quarters—long-awaited apology to the South?

INCONSISTENT AIMS

The policy of the United States has generally and sensibly been not to support irredentism (as in the case of the Sudeten Germans) or separatism (as in the case of Quebec) except in very special circumstances. We bombed the Bosnian Serbs to indicate our opposition to their drive to merge a crescent of predominately ethnically Serbian territory with adjacent Serbia, and at the same time armed and supported the Croats in their successful effort (complete with atrocities) to rid their Krajina region of the bulk of its inhabitants, 300,000 Krajina Serbs. These aims and actions, which we call humane and just, are precisely the opposite of our present policy, in which the ethnic Albanian drive for independence and eventual union with adjacent Albania is deemed worthy of our urgent support, and in which the expulsion of an ethnic minority from its geographical territory is seen not, as in the case of the Krajina Serbs, as a desideratum, but, rightly of course, as a war crime.

The only way to justify such inconsistencies is to demonize the Serbs, which is why the tenor of the press is now unfortunately reminiscent of the weeks before both the Crimean and the Spanish–American wars. Otherwise sober commentators lace their columns with epithets worthy of a Stalinist ministry of information—*butcherers, thugs, war criminals, monsters*—and literally call for the shedding of Serb blood. At present, because they are the most powerfully equipped and at the center of events, the Serbs do have the most blood on their hands, but they hardly have a monopoly. And whereas they were our allies in two world wars, those whom we now back without moderation were the willing acolytes of the Nazis in repression and genocide. The way of the Balkans is intensely and unreasonably violent, but to attribute this to the Serbs alone is unsupportable and, I think, mainly a blind from which to exercise a policy riven with contradictions.

Of these contradictions not the least is that NATO has gone to war to compel a sovereign state to forfeit a portion of its territory. This is what NATO was formed to oppose. After all, in the Soviet view the exploited masses and persecuted minorities of Europe urgently required, if not total liberation, then pressure on their behalf in one form of interference or another. NATO was to be the forceful rejection of such license, based on the principle that, despite the continuing imperfection of every form of governance, respect for recognized and established borders is the chief instrument with which to hold off a wave of otherwise perpetual war—but, evidently, no more.

The counter-argument that the European community could not have been expected to sit idly by while the Kosovars were driven from their land is, shall we say, weakened by the sequence of events: NATO attacked before the supposed justification of the attack occurred. Now, after the fact, the administration claims that although it did not know, and was caught by surprise, it also knew and was not surprised. How did it know? During the weeks when it was holding out the possibility of bombing Yugoslavia if NATO

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divisions were not allowed in Kosovo, Milosevic mobilized a portion of his army and set it opposite the area where he was suppressing a guerrilla insurgency. This is roughly how we got to where we are, and it is not impressive.

What then is to be done after precipitating a war in which the humanitarian dimension seems to overshadow everything, and in view of the much cited danger to the credibility of NATO and the United States? The options are limited, especially as they have been played thus far. Although it may be possible to bomb Serbia into total submission, the time required to do so would make such a strategy almost entirely irrelevant to the fate of beleaguered civilians. Though no one remembers from one war to the next, air power becomes less and less effective as it rises from the tactical through the strategic and to the political. Nor would a ground war accomplish the stated aims of its proponents, to protect the Kosovars. Caught between combatants fighting in search-and-destroy mode, the civilian population would not be safer than in any other bitterly fought war, and civilian casualties would be far greater than they have been up to now.

If one were intent on "saving" the indeterminate number of ethnic Albanians who might yet be killed and the several hundred thousand driven from their homes, at the cost of perhaps several thousand allied dead, then establishing sanctuaries and attacking key Serbian formations with NATO airborne echelons might have been an option (though a dangerous option) at the first sign of attacks on the civil population. But not only was the opportunity short lived, the airborne forces would have required a linkup with heavy divisions in far less time than possible given the existing conditions and the studious lack of planning.

The geography of Kosovo, which Milosevic obviously considered in his calculations and the president did not, precludes rapid staging for an invasion. Albania has poor roads and ports, and its passages into Kosovo are narrow and restrictive. A heavy force and its logistical train have only three practical routes in: Greece and Macedonia, Hungary, and Croatia. Approaching via Hungary or Croatia would mean all-out war with Serbia on all of Serbian territory. Expect a hundred thousand dead at the very least among all the parties, including civilians. Hungary is itself landlocked and hardly needs a war with Yugoslavia, and enlisting Croatia even were it willing would mean a Balkan war with no end to the international repercussions. The only practical entry is through Thessaloniki in Greece, and Macedonia. Assuming that one or both countries would allow this, which, given their domestic and regional imperatives, is doubtful, it would still take at least six weeks to mount such an invasion, which would be not to save but solely to repatriate ethnic Albanians, and to repair the image of NATO.

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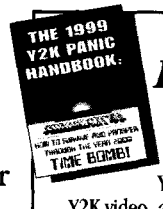

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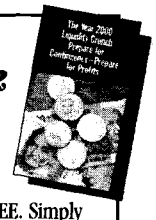

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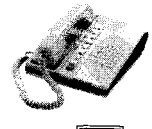

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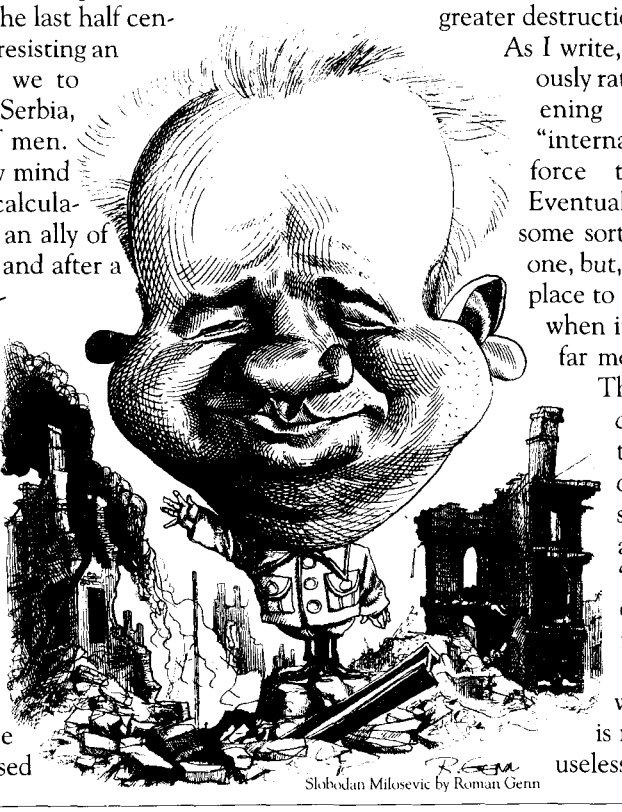
Serbia is rich in defensible terrain and the kinds of basic weaponry that, while beneath our technical style of warfare, can inflict very large numbers of casualties. Serb armored formations would take their share of our men with their tanks and self-propelled guns, and then we would make quick work of them. After that, however, among the crags and in the forests, in the ditches and ravines, Serbia's five or six thousand light artillery pieces, mortars, recoilless rifles, anti-tank guns and guided weapons, in the hands of determined and sacrificial infantry armed with machine guns, grenade launchers, and RPGs, would root like kudzu. Serbia has, unknown to many instant military commentators, a reserve system like that of Sweden, Switzerland, and Israel, and can field not 75,000 men but half a million. They are quite different in outlook and temperament from Iraqis, and their country is physically quite different from Iraq.

When the president assures us us that we can deal with two major military contingencies at once, he is lying.

In the Gulf War, the consensus view was that we would suffer tens of thousands of American dead, as in Vietnam. That was wrong. Now the consensus view is of a few hundred American dead, as in the Gulf War. *That* is wrong. To understand why, one merely has to read Dobrica Cosic's multi-volume epic, the revealing titles of which are *Into the Battle, South to Destiny, Reach to Eternity,* and *A Time of Death*; or recall the Serb defiance of Austria-Hungary in WW I; or that, astonishingly, during most of WW II Tito's partisans tied down 33 Axis divisions; or that for the last half century the Serbs have been focused on resisting an invasion by the Red Army. Were we to become involved in a real war with Serbia, we would lose many thousands of men. There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that an invasion to cover our miscalculations and elemental failings, and as an ally of radical ethnic Albanian separatism, and after a humanitarian crisis—that we provoked—has passed, is not worth the life of a single American.

Those who hold that it is are unduly generous with other people's sons and miscalculate yet again. An infantry campaign in the Balkans will forever alter the unstable politics of Russia and provide it with the organizing principle for rearmament. This alone will more than cancel out the benefits of impressing potential enemies with our resolve. Furthermore, anyone seriously planning to challenge American interests will be unimpressed if America itself cannot intelligently define those interests and thus indiscriminately squanders its military and diplomatic capital. Nothing is more comforting to a soldier than to see that the enemy fires wildly and wastes his ammunition.



Slobodan Milosevic by Roman Genn

OVERSTRETCH

Should the United States embark upon a land war in Yugoslavia sufficient to the task, we would be completely shorn of the conventional military resources necessary to deal with either North Korea, Iraq, or China, much less the three working in concert to stretch us far beyond the breaking point. When the president assures us that we can deal with two major military contingencies at once, he is doing what he often does: He is lying. Even now, almost a fifth of our operational strike aircraft are involved in or approved for this campaign. God help us if ever we were at war in the Balkans and Kim Jong Il woke up on the wrong side of the futon, or if Mr. Primakov decided to surprise the world by reclaiming the Baltic republics as, among other things, a Slavic tit-for-tat.

Republicans terrifically eager for war may have neglected to remember what it is to safeguard the interests of the United States, appropriately husband its resources, and keep watch 360 degrees 'round. As Churchill urged in regard to the Civil War in Spain, "Keep out of it and arm," and he knew whereof he spoke. If conservatives follow the president and his secretary of state in their recklessness and stupidity merely because they dare not look less tough, they make a grave error. If they do so merely to make political hay if the administration backs down, they are too cynical by half. And the armchair generals of the Republican party are perhaps too safe and too glib, for this is a problem to which the United States has contributed its share, and in which the damage will not be reparable by means of a corrective war of far greater destruction.

As I write, the administration is simultaneously ratcheting up the bombing and softening its conditions (specifying an "international" rather than a "NATO" force to monitor refugee return). Eventually the two should combine into some sort of settlement satisfactory to no one, but, still, the Balkans are not the right place to commit American military power when it is inadequate for the defense of far more essential interests elsewhere. This is especially so when what we do inflames a situation that we then presumptuously assume cries out for our intervention. The present administration, which, in another Churchillian phrase, is "brainless, spineless, and dangerous," has made a terrible showing, in that it has forfeited its inheritance of strength and misdirected what power it has retained. There is no need to join it as it grasps one useless nettle after another. **NR**

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■ THE 100 BEST NON-FICTION BOOKS OF THE CENTURY ■

EARLIER this year, Random House announced that it would release a list of the 100 best non-fiction books of the century. The publisher had enjoyed success (and controversy) with its 100 best novels; now it would do this. Here at NATIONAL REVIEW, we decided to get a jump on them by forming our own panel and offering our own list. Under the leadership of our reporter John J. Miller, we have done so. We have used a methodology that approaches the scientific. But—certainly beyond, say, the first 40 books—the fact of the books' presence on the list is far more important than their rankings. We offer a comment from a panelist after many of the books; but the panel overall, not the individual quoted, is responsible for the ranking. So, here is our list, for your enjoyment, mortification, and stimulation.

THE PANEL:

Richard Brookhiser, NR senior editor; David Brooks, senior editor of *The Weekly Standard*; Christopher Caldwell, senior writer at *The Weekly Standard*; Robert Conquest, historian; David Gelernter, writer and computer scientist; George Gilder, writer; Mary Ann Glendon, professor at Harvard Law School; Jeffrey Hart, NR senior editor; Mark Helprin, novelist; Arthur Herman, author of *The Idea of Decline in Western History*; John Keegan, military historian; Michael Kelly, editor of *National Journal*; Florence King, author of *Confessions of a Failed Southern Lady*; Michael Lind, journalist and novelist; John Lukacs, historian; Adam Meyerson, vice president at the Heritage Foundation; Richard John Neuhaus, editor-in-chief of *First Things*; John O'Sullivan, NR editor-at-large; Richard Pipes, historian; Abigail Thernstrom, senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute; Stephan Thernstrom, historian; James Q. Wilson, author of *The Moral Sense*.

THE LIST:

1. **The Second World War,** ***Winston S. Churchill***
   Brookhiser: "The big story of the century, told by its major hero."

2. **The Gulag Archipelago,** ***Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn***
   Neuhaus: "Marked the absolute final turning point beyond which nobody could deny the evil of the Evil Empire."

3. **Homage to Catalonia,** ***George Orwell***
   Herman: "Orwell's masterpiece—far superior to *Animal Farm* and *1984*. No education in the meaning of the 20th century is complete without it."

4. **The Road to Serfdom,** ***F. A. von Hayek***
   Helprin: "Shatters the myth that the totalitarianisms 'of the Left' and 'of the Right' stem from differing impulses."

5. **Collected Essays,** ***George Orwell***
   King: "Every conservative's favorite liberal and every liberal's favorite conservative. This book has no enemies."

6. **The Open Society and Its Enemies,** ***Karl Popper***
   Herman: "The best work on political philosophy in the 20th century. Exposes totalitarianism's roots in Plato, Hegel, and Marx."

7. **The Abolition of Man,** ***C. S. Lewis***
   Brookhiser: "How modern philosophies drain meaning and the sacred from our lives."

8. **Revolt of the Masses,** ***José Ortega y Gasset***
   Gilder: "Prophesied the 20th century's debauchery of democracy and science, the barbarism of the specialist, and the inevitable fatuity of public opinion. Explained the genius of capitalist elites."

9. **The Constitution of Liberty,** ***F. A. von Hayek***
   O'Sullivan: "A great re-statement for this century of classical liberalism by its greatest modern exponent."

10. **Capitalism and Freedom,** ***Milton Friedman***

11. **Modern Times,** ***Paul Johnson***
    Herman: "Huge impact outside the academy, dreaded and ignored inside it."

12. **Rationalism in Politics,** ***Michael Oakeshott***
    Herman: "Oakeshott is the 20th century's Edmund Burke."

13. **Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy,** ***Joseph A. Schumpeter***
    Caldwell: "Locus classicus for the observation that democratic capitalism undermines itself through its very success."

14. **Economy and Society,** ***Max Weber***
    Lind: "Weber made permanent contributions to the understanding of society with his discussions of comparative religion, bureaucracy, charisma, and the distinctions among status, class, and party."

15. **The Origins of Totalitarianism,** ***Hannah Arendt***
    Caldwell: "Through Nazism and Stalinism, looks at almost every pernicious trend in the last century's politics with stunning subtlety."

16. **Black Lamb and Grey Falcon,** ***Rebecca West***
    Kelly: "For its writing, not for its historical accuracy."

17. **Sociobiology,** ***Edward O. Wilson***
    Lind: "Darwin put humanity in its proper place in the animal kingdom. Wilson put human society there, too."

18. **Centissimus Annus,** ***Pope John Paul II***

19. **The Pursuit of the Millennium,** ***Norman Cohn***
    Neuhaus: "The authoritative refutation of utopianism of the left, right, and points undetermined."

20. **The Diary of a Young Girl,** ***Anne Frank***
    Helprin: "An innocent's account of the greatest evil imaginable. The most powerful book of the century. Others may not agree. No matter, I cast my lot with this child." *Caldwell*: "If one didn't know her fate, one might read it as the reflections of any girl. That one does know her fate makes this as close to a holy book as the century produced."

21. **The Great Terror,** ***Robert Conquest***
    Herman: "Documented for the first time the real record of Stalinism in the Soviet Union. A genuine monument of historical research and reconstruction, a true epic of evil."

22. **Chronicles of Wasted Time,** ***Malcolm Muggeridge***
    Gilder: "The best autobiography, Christian confession, and historic meditation of the century."

23. **Relativity,** ***Albert Einstein***
    Lind: "The most important physicist since Newton."

24. **Witness,** ***Whittaker Chambers***
    Caldwell: "Confession, history, potboiler—by a man who writes like the literary giant we would know him as, had not Communism got him first."

25. **The Structure of Scientific Revolutions,** ***Thomas S. Kuhn***

26. **Mere Christianity,** ***C. S. Lewis***
    Neuhaus: "The most influential book of the most influential Christian apologist of the century."

27. **The Quest for Community,** ***Robert Nisbet***

28. **Encyclopedia Britannica**, 11th ed.
    Helprin: "The infinite riches of the world, presented with elegance, confidence, and economy."

29. **Up in the Old Hotel,** ***Joseph Mitchell***

30. **The Everlasting Man,** ***G. K. Chesterton***
    Lukacs: "A great carillonade of Christian verities."

31. **Orthodoxy,** ***G. K. Chesterton***
    O'Sullivan: "How to look at the Christian tradition with fresh eyes."

32. **The Liberal Imagination,** ***Lionel Trilling***
    Hart: "The popular form of liberalism tends to simplify and caricature when it attempts moral aspiration—that is, it tends to 'Stalinism.'"

33. **The Double Helix,** ***James D. Watson***
    Herman: "Deeply hated by feminists because Watson dares to suggest that the male–female distinction originated in nature, in the DNA code itself."

34. **The Feynman Lectures on Physics,** ***Richard Phillips Feynman***
    Gelernter: "Outside of art (or maybe not), physics is mankind's most beautiful achievement; these three volumes are probably the most beautiful ever written about physics."

35. **Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers,** ***Tom Wolfe***
    O'Sullivan: "Wolfe is our Juvenal."

36. **The Myth of Sisyphus and Other Essays,** ***Albert Camus***

37. **The Unheavenly City,** ***Edward C. Banfield***
    Neuhaus: "The volume that began the debunking of New Deal socialism and its public-policy consequences."

38. **The Interpretation of Dreams,** ***Sigmund Freud***

39. **The Death and Life of Great American Cities,** ***Jane Jacobs***

40. **The End of History and the Last Man,** ***Francis Fukuyama***

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41. **Joy of Cooking,** *Irma S. Rombauer, Marion Rombauer Becker, and Ethan Becker*

42. **The Age of Reform,** *Richard Hofstadter*
Herman: "The single best book on American history in this century, bar none."

43. **The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money,** *John Maynard Keynes*
Hart: "Influential in suggesting that the business cycle can be modified by government investment and manipulation of tax rates."

44. **God & Man at Yale,** *William F. Buckley Jr.*
Gilder: "Still correct and prophetic. It defines the conservative revolt against socialism and atheism on campus and in the culture, and reconciles the alleged conflict between capitalist and religious conservatives."

45. **Selected Essays,** *T. S. Eliot*
Hart: "Shaped the literary taste of the mid-century."

46. **Ideas Have Consequences,** *Richard M. Weaver*

47. **The Economy of Cities,** *Jane Jacobs*

48. **The Closing of the American Mind,** *Allan Bloom*

49. **Ethnic America,** *Thomas Sowell*

50. **An American Dilemma,** *Gunnar Myrdal*

51. **Three Case Histories,** *Sigmund Freud*
Gelernter: "Beyond question Freud is history's most important philosopher of the mind, and he ranks alongside Eliot as the century's greatest literary critic. Modern intellectual life (left, right, and in-between) would be unthinkable without him."

52. **The Struggle for Europe,** *Chester Wilmot*

53. **Main Currents in American Thought,** *Vernon Louis Parrington*
King: "An immensely readable history of ideas and men. (Skip the fragmentary third volume—he died before finishing it.)"

54. **The Waning of the Middle Ages,** *Johann Huzinga*
Lukacs: "Probably the finest historian who lived in this century."

55. **Systematic Theology,** *Wolfhart Pannenberg*
Neuhaus: "The best summary and reflection on Christianity's encounter with the Enlightenment project."

56. **The Campaign of the Marne,** *Sewell Tyng*
Keegan: "A forgotten American's masterly account of the First World War in the West."

57. **Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus,** *Ludwig Wittgenstein*
Hart: "A terse summation of the analytic method of the analytic school in philosophy, and a heroic leap beyond it."

58. **Insight: A Study of Human Understanding,** *Bernard Lonergan*
Glendon: "The Thomas Aquinas of the 20th century."

59. **Being and Time,** *Martin Heidegger*
Hart: "A seminal thinker, notwithstanding his disgraceful error of equating National Socialism with the experience of 'Being.'"

60. **Disraeli,** *Robert Blake*
Keegan: "Political biography as it should be written."

61. **Democracy and Leadership,** *Irving Babbitt*
King: "A conservative literary critic describes what happens when humanitarianism over takes humanism."

62. **The Elements of Style,** *William Strunk & E. B. White*
A. Thernstrom: "If only every writer would remember just one of Strunk & White's wonderful injunctions: 'Omit needless words.' Omit needless words."

63. **The Machiavellians,** *James Burnham*
O'Sullivan: "Burnham is the greatest political analyst of our century and this is his best book."

64. **Reflections of a Russian Statesman,** *Konstantin P. Pobedonostsev*
King: "The 'culture war' as seen by the tutor to the last two czars. A Russian Pat Buchanan."

65. **The Hedgehog and the Fox,** *Isaiah Berlin*

66. **Roll, Jordan, Roll,** *Eugene D. Genovese*
Neuhaus: "The best account of American slavery and the moral and cultural forces that undid it."

67. **The ABC of Reading,** *Ezra Pound*
Brookhiser: "An epitome of the aging aesthetic movement that will be forever known as modernism."

68. **The Second World War,** *John Keegan*
Hart: "A masterly history in a single volume."

69. **The Making of Homeric Verse,** *Milman Parry*
Lind: "Genuine discoveries in literary study are rare. Parry's discovery of the oral formulaic basis of the Homeric epics, the founding texts of Western literature, was one of them."

70. **The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling,** *Angus Wilson*
Keegan: "A life of a great author told through the transmutation of his experience into fictional form."

71. **Scrutiny,** *F. R. Leavis*
Hart: "Enormously important in education, especially in England. Leavis understood what one kind of 'living English' is."

72. **The Edge of the Sword,** *Charles de Gaulle*
Brookhiser: "A lesser figure than Churchill, but more philosophical (and hence, more problematic)."

73. **R. E. Lee,** *Douglas Southall Freeman*
Conquest: "The finest work on the Civil War."

74. **Bureaucracy,** *Ludwig von Mises*

75. **The Seven Storey Mountain,** *Thomas Merton*
Neuhaus: "A classic conversion story of a modern urban sophisticate."

76. **Balzac,** *Stefan Zweig*
King: "On the joys of working one's self to death. The chapter 'Black Coffee' is a masterpiece of imaginative reconstruction."

77. **The Good Society,** *Walter Lippmann*
Gilder: "Written during the Great Depression. A corruscating defense of the morality of capitalism."

78. **Silent Spring,** *Rachel Carson*
Lind: "For all the excesses of the environmental movement, the realization that human technology can permanently damage the earth's environment marked a great advance in civilization. Carson's book, more than any other, publicized this message."

79. **The Christian Tradition,** *Jaroslav Pelikan*
Neuhaus: "The century's most comprehensive account of Christian teaching from the second century on."

80. **Strange Defeat,** *Marc Bloch*
Herman: "A great historian's personal account of the fall of France in 1940."

81. **Looking Back,** *Norman Douglas*
Conquest: "Fascinating memoirs of a remarkable writer."

82. **Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres,** *Henry Adams*

83. **Poetry and the Age,** *Randall Jarrell*
Caldwell: "The book for showing how 20th-century poets think, what their poetry does, and why it matters."

84. **Love in the Western World,** *Denis de Rougemont*
Brookhiser: "What has become of eros over the last seven centuries."

85. **The Conservative Mind,** *Russell Kirk*

86. **Wealth and Poverty,** *George Gilder*

87. **Battle Cry of Freedom,** *James M. McPherson*

88. **Henry James,** *Leon Edel*
King: "All the James you want without having to read him."

89. **Essays of E. B. White,** *E. B. White*
Gelernter: "White is the apotheosis of the American liberal now spurned and detested by the Left (and the cultural mainstream). His mesmerized devotion to the objects of his affection—his family, the female sex, his farm, the English language, Manhattan, the sea, America, Maine, and freedom, in descending order—is movingly absolute."

90. **Speak, Memory,** *Vladimir Nabokov*

91. **The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test,** *Tom Wolfe*

92. **Darwin's Black Box,** *Michael J. Behe*
Gilder: "Overthrows Darwin at the end of the 20th century in the same way that quantum theory overthrew Newton at the beginning."

93. **The Civil War,** *Shelby Foote*

94. **The Way the World Works,** *Jude Wanniski*
Gilder: "The best book on economics. Shows fatuity of still-dominant demand-side model, with its silly preoccupation with accounting trivia, like the federal budget and trade balance and savings rates, in an economy with $40 trillion or so in assets that rise and fall weekly by trillions."

95. **To the Finland Station,** *Edmund Wilson*
Herman: "The best single book on Karl Marx and Marx's place in modern history."

96. **Civilisation,** *Kenneth Clark*

97. **The Russian Revolution,** *Richard Pipes*

98. **The Idea of History,** *R. G. Collingwood*

99. **The Last Lion,** *William Manchester*

100. **The Starr Report,** *Kenneth W. Starr*
Hart: "A study in human depravity."

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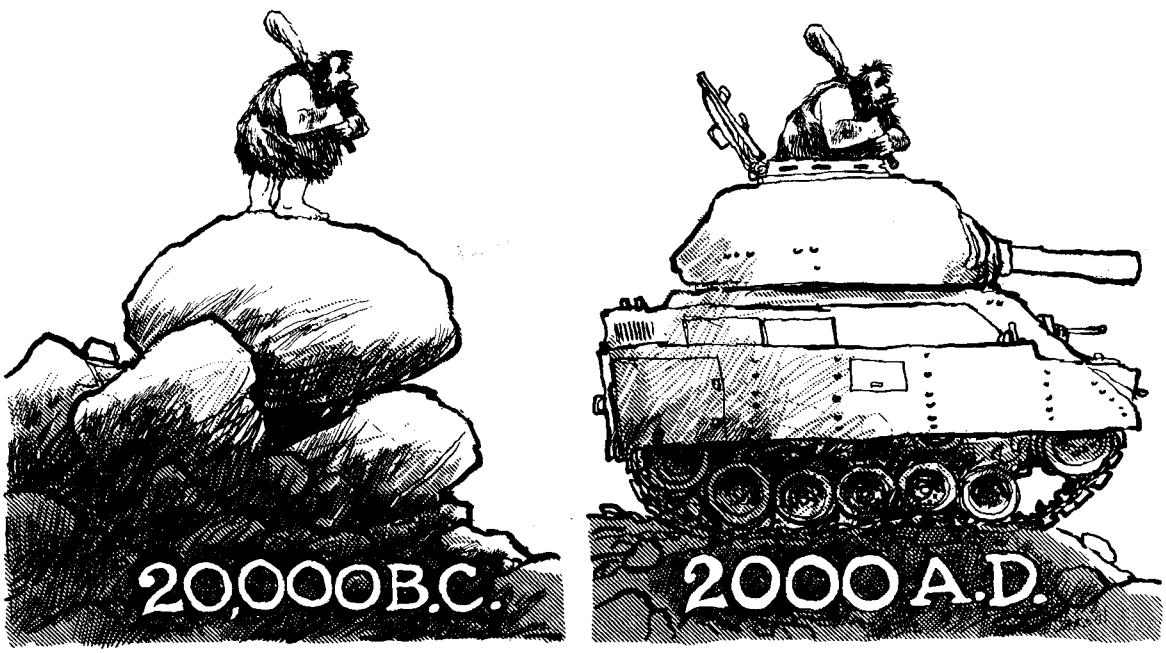

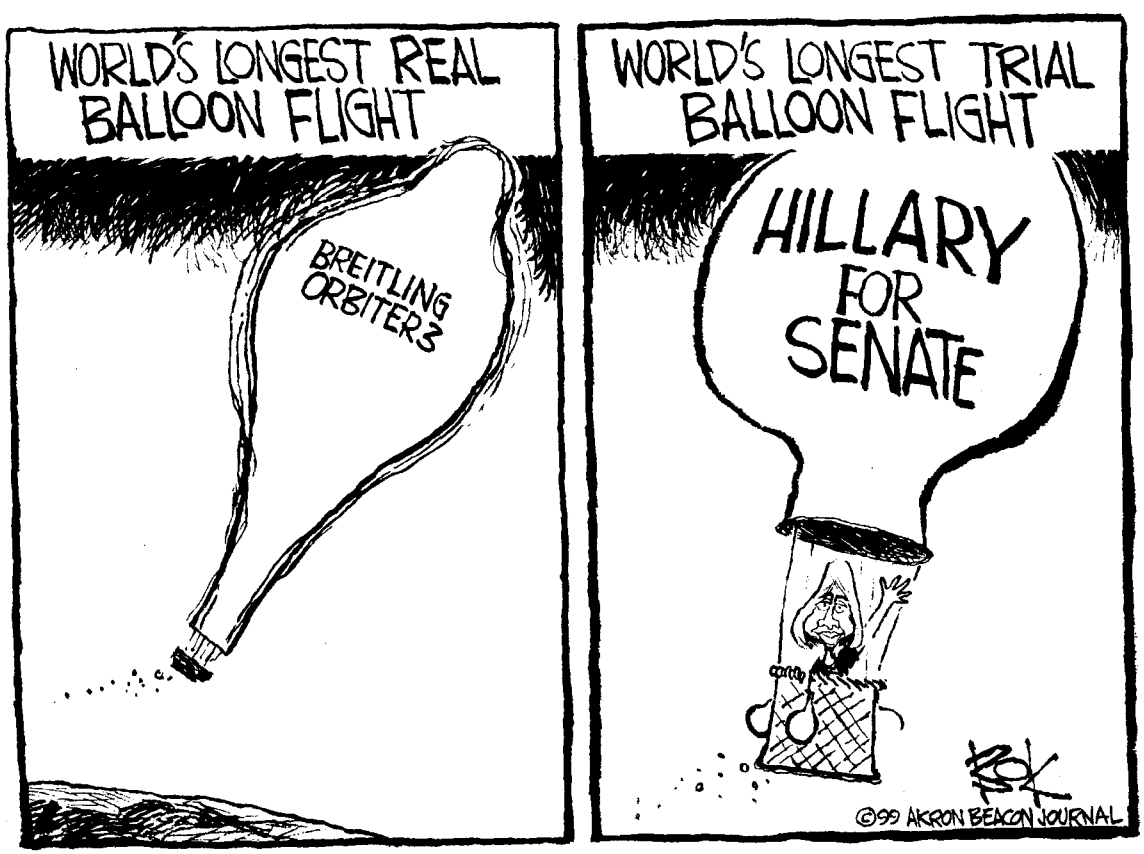
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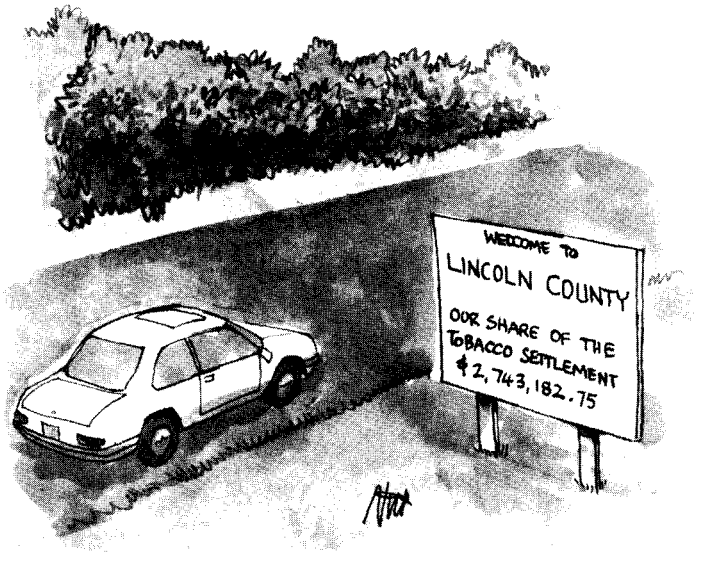
"Feel the burn."

"Which would be more Zen—a pizza with nothing, or a pizza with everything?"



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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON, D.C.

April 10, 1999

Dear Rusty,

Hey! How's it going down there in Brazil? Enjoying the whole research thing?

How much room would you say you've got down there? Tents and so forth?

See, here's my thought: You've got some extra space, I'm sure. Maybe it's kind of lonely down there. Any interest in taking a few Albanian refugees? Say, maybe 64,000 or so? Let me know ASAP.

See, what I'm trying to do is take a situation that I found—like the Internet—and turn it into one of "my" issues. My strategy here is pretty much to "invent" the whole Kosovo thing the way I did the information superhighway, not in the sense of making it happen, but more to the idea of talking about it a lot and spreading it around. (See my request above.)

I've got to do something, Rusty. See, credibility is the big issue. When the Chinese premier, Zhu Rongji, was here last week, it was clear that he didn't take us seriously.

Right after he presented me with a really cool watch, I had to break the news to him that we weren't going to support China's bid to become a member of the World Trade Organization. He kind of smiled and chuckled to himself.

"Um, am I making myself clear, Mr. Zhu?" I said. "We're not supporting China's membership in the WTO."

He smiled again and pretended to reach into his breast pocket.

"I take out my checkbook? Yes? Yes?" he asked, eyes twinkling.

"No, no," I said, frantically signaling to the interpreter. "We mean it. We can't support WTO at this time."

He just kept smiling and laughing. "Yes, yes!" he chirped merrily. "Many monies to Mister Al Gore! You like fast car?"

He began reaching into a large soft-sided satchel. I put my hand on his arm and stopped him. "We mean it this time, Mr. Zhu," I said. "It is absolutely out of the question."

Zhu stopped for a moment, his brow furrowed. Then, suddenly, he broke out into a wide grin. "Yes, yes!" he laughed. "Out of the question! Absolutely not! Just like ground troops in Kosovo!"

After the meeting, I went up to the Oval Office to talk to Bill. He was huddled with top military advisors Strobe Talbott and Madeleine Albright.

"I'm not sure our policy in Kosovo is clear to Zhu," I said.

"What is our policy?" Bill asked glumly.

"To save Kosovo and stuff," I answered. Okay, not a perfect answer, but it works in a pinch. Give me some time with a focus group and I could come up with a better one.

"But we're not saving it," he cried. "We're wrecking it! Of the roughly 2 million Kosovars, about a million have been displaced. The neighboring countries are up in arms, the Russians are threatening retaliation . . ."

He buried his face in his hands. It was heartbreaking, Rusty. Here was one of America's greatest presidents—the architect of AmeriCorps, the brains behind the radical overhaul of the federal procurement-system-control checklist—and he was deep in a black mood.

I put my hand on his shoulder and gave it a little squeeze. "Bill," I said softly, "never forget that sometimes you have to destroy something in order to save it."

His hands dropped from his face and he stared at me incredulously.

"Feel free to use that one," I said. He hasn't, yet.

Start pitching those tents!!

Your pal, Al

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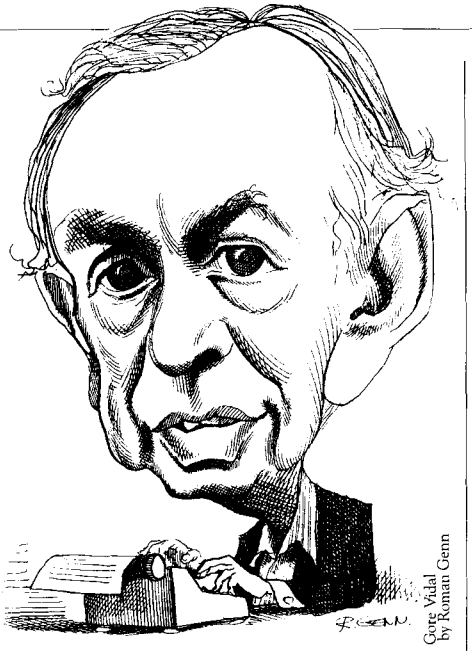
Hard-Core Gore

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

The Essential Gore Vidal: A Gore Vidal Reader, edited by Fred Kaplan (Random House, 1,280 pp., $39.95)


Gore Vidal by Roman Genn

WITH the help of his editor and biographer Fred Kaplan, Gore Vidal has now excerpted a thousand pages of his "essential" writings in all genres. There's plenty to choose from. Since publishing his first novel at age 21 in 1946, Vidal has been a historical novelist, experimental novelist, playwright, screenwriter, literary critic, autobiographer, political essayist, and "queer theorist" *avant la lettre*. As Vidal writes of the Roman emperor Constantius, he is "many men in the body of one."

Only one of them is worth the trouble. A contrarian turn of mind has served Vidal well in his historical novels, the middlebrow achievement on which his highbrow pretensions rest. The books enlighten, delight, and provoke. Of those collected here, *Julian* views the rise of Christianity through pagan eyes, as mumbo jumbo about a "triple monster." *Creation* takes Athens from the viewpoint of the Persians: The Acropolis is an eyesore. Pericles is corrupt, Herodotus a propagandist, and Thucydides a drunk.

Vidal's six American-history novels (*Burr*, *Lincoln*, *1876*, *Empire*, *Hollywood*, and *Washington, D.C.*) are similarly contrarian. Vidal's George Washington is a Machiavellian bounder; had he had a son and heir, he would not have refused a kingship. Vidal's Lincoln is an imperialist authoritarian, much like the bogeyman of certain contemporary paleoconservatives. Lincoln's private secretary John Hay is a callow whoremonger. Ulysses S. Grant is corrupt, not a mere bumbler. Vidal may make things up; he may take his sense of history from Charles Beard and other Constitution-haters. But he deploys his erudition thoughtfully enough that when Martin Van Buren is revealed as the illegitimate son of Aaron Burr, we know that we're in the presence of a dramatic device rather than an Oliver Stone-style conspiracy theory.

If Vidal is the only recent novelist who has written credibly about Washington, D.C., it's not surprising. He was brought up there, grandson to the blind Oklahoma reactionary Sen. T. P. Gore (in whose honor the novelist changed his name from "Eugene" at the age of 14); son of an aviation functionary in FDR's first term; and a step-relation of Jackie Kennedy—none of which he ever tires of telling us.

Vidal's great liability as a writer is that his worldview has only two dimensions: power and hate. In a novel about politics, those are sufficient to motivate characters. In other books, they're not. A few pages from *The City and the Pillar*, Vidal's groundbreaking 1948 novel of homosexual obsession, illustrate why that ground didn't get broken before. At an age when Norman Mailer's work had reached an exquisite maturity, Vidal was writing a sort of boys' fiction, but with homosexual rape added in—from the viewpoint of the rapist, of course. ("'Jesus,' Bob whispered. 'Don't. Don't.'") The only works reproduced here in full are a stilted political play, *The Best Man*, and Vidal's 1968 succès de scandale, *Myra Breckinridge*, the diary of a troublemaking transsexual at a Hollywood acting school. Three decades on, it seems not fresh but slack, aimless, and intellectually lazy, except—again—for the homosexual rape scenes. ("Oh, no! For God's sake, don't.") In the same ironic vein, *Duluth* is a critique of Eighties suburban vapidity by one who hadn't taken a fresh look at American suburbia since the 1950s. *Live from Golgotha* tries to recast the Christian passion as a cyberporn narrative—a clever (if offensive) idea for a back-of-*The New Yorker* parody, but unreadably banal at book length.

In his introduction, Kaplan cites Vidal's essays to show him as a more intellectual novelist than Updike, Bellow, and Mailer. He's wrong. It's not that Vidal is incapable of brilliance. Essays on the Kennedys and on Edmund Wilson's foot fetish are the highlights of the current collection. But hate and contrariety get in the way of the spirit of inquiry.

In "Pink Triangle and Yellow Star," Vidal attacks Jewish neoconservatives who oppose homosexuality. Vidal depicts the semi-out-of-the-closet gays of the 1980s as in the same position as Jews under the Nazis. Since the neocons "are going to be in the same gas chambers as the blacks and the faggots, I would suggest a cease-fire and a common front against the common enemy, whose kindly voice is that of Ronald Reagan . . . " This "common front"

Mr. Caldwell is senior writer at *The Weekly Standard*.

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flourish introduces Vidal's second big liability, one that's survivable for a novelist but fatal to an essayist: bad faith. Because Vidal wants no such alliance. He is a hedonistic pagan who hates all monotheisms from the very kernel of his being. And Judaism especially, for having nurtured Moses, St. Paul, and Freud, the holy trinity of what he calls the "heterosexual dictatorship."

Vidal will thus cut slack to anyone who shares his impatience with religion. In 1971 he applauds anti-Christian feminists for saying "there is

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Gore Vidal's great liability as a writer is that his worldview has only two dimensions: power and hate.

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nothing innate in us that can be called masculine or feminine." Granted, by 1991 he breaks the "bad news" to readers of *The Nation* that "men and women are *not* alike." Perhaps he's changed his ideas, but on subjects like this, Vidal doesn't have so much ideas as stances.

And those are negotiable. Eleanor Roosevelt (clearly Vidal's favorite politician) is applauded "because she was a Christian and not a Manichean." One suspects, however, that Vidal appreciates her for the same reason he appreciates Thornton Wilder: because her "dislike of heterosexuality was lifelong." He thinks a third of American males are homosexual, hates quotas but loves affirmative action, calls Herbert Hoover more of a socialist than FDR, and refers to the Japanese as "our Asian masters." You could spend a delightful dinner party sparring with such a person, but you wouldn't leave it under the impression you'd dined with an intellectual.

"Writers," Vidal concluded in the 1950s, "are valuable in spite of their neuroses, obsessions, and rebellions, not because of them. It is a poor period indeed which must assess its men of letters in terms of their opposition to their society."

That's a fact. Vidal lost sight of it early on. **NR**

Frost in a Clear Lens

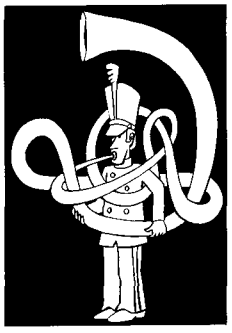
JEFFREY HART

Robert Frost: A Life, by Jay Parini (Holt, 528 pp., $35)

As we end the 20th century a rough consensus has emerged. The preeminent poets writing in English have been Yeats, Eliot, and Frost. A bit lower many would place Stevens, Pound, and maybe Auden. I note that Americans score well; also that, taken as a whole, this has been a glorious century for poetry in English, perhaps the best since the 17th.

Parini's fine new biography of Frost enters a strange situation. We have the three-volume biography (1966–76) of Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick. That project had a grotesque aspect. Thompson, a competent scholar, was chosen as biographer by Frost himself, but well into his massive undertaking Thompson discovered that he loathed Frost. To every aspect of his subject he gives the darkest possible interpretation. The subtitle should be "Frost as Monster." When Thompson died, the third volume had to be completed by his colleague Winnick.

In 1984 William Pritchard, an Amherst professor and talented critic, came to the rescue with *Robert Frost: A Literary Life Reconsidered*. Pritchard, who had known Frost well, provided a credible but far from hagiographic portrait. A practical approach to Frost thus became Thompson–Winnick for their massive accumulation of fact, but corrected by the balanced judgments of Pritchard.



At this point can Parini, a Middlebury professor, poet, and novelist, add more? The answer is a very firm yes. He has uncovered much that is telling in letters, tapes, and other material. He has also conducted a great many interviews with people who knew Frost at various stages of his life. Among them are Robert Penn Warren, Richard Eberhart, Peter Stanlis, Edward Lathem, Hyde Cox, and John Sloan Dickey. These varied voices in montage bring the poet forward in a portrait that is credible and indeed often very moving.

It bears repeating that the public notion of Frost is far from the truth. He was not a sort of cuddly, reassuring, white-haired Will Rogers who also wrote some easy poems.

From early on he had a steely determination to be a great poet. He attended Dartmouth and Harvard only briefly and rebelliously, but he was comprehensively learned. Here one notes the title of his first volume, *A Boy's Will* (1913), which established him as a poet when he was almost 40. That noun "will" is important. William James wrote "The Will to Believe," Schopenhauer *The World as Will and Idea*, Nietzsche *The Will to Power*. These were psychological declarations of a "will" against pessimism and nihilism, moral reconstruction efforts. Frost, too, was a man of that certain late-19th-century outlook which understood "will" as the antidote to despair, likewise to psychosomatic and other illness.

Frost's external biography, in contrast to his inner biography, to which Parini is very alert, sounds like something out of the House of Atreus. There were terrible tensions within his marriage to Elinor White. They lost their firstborn in infancy, an adult son to suicide, a daughter and Frost's sister to madness, and another daughter to early illness. Tuberculosis ran in the Frost family. No wonder Frost had frequent spells of melancholy. But his "will" prevailed.

As Parini makes clear, there were also joys, serious friendships, intense intellectual life, heights of artistic triumph, some odd boyish mischievousness, animosities (against Eliot, Pound, and others), many acts of courtesy and love, and always the insistence on his achieved and unique voice in poetry, prose, and lecture. That voice is recognizable in every phrase.

Parini has uncovered many special things. When Frost, having left Dartmouth, was courting Elinor, who was at

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St. Lawrence, he "published" an edition of two copies containing five short poems. Leather-bound, it was called *Twilight*. He journeyed to St. Lawrence and presented it to her. When she was unimpressed, he destroyed his own copy. Her copy later became a collector's item.

As a Dartmouth professor myself, I treasure this next one. After collecting a writing assignment from a class of Dartmouth students, Frost asked them whether what they had written had any permanent significance, if only to themselves. No one raised his hand. Frost threw the essays in the wastebasket, saying that if they were unimportant to the students, they were unimportant to him.

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Robert Frost was a man of that certain 19th-century outlook which understood 'will' as the antidote to despair.

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Parini is, with occasional lapses, a skillful literary critic. I can also report, and dance in the street as I do, that there is almost no academic jargon here. Yet amid all of his expert commentary, he misses one or two important things. Frost swung for the bleachers, by which I mean that at some moments he consciously goes up against such masters as Pascal and Dante. When he does, Parini doesn't always give evidence of having appreciated the nuances.

That having been said, he does accurately place Frost in friendly connection with the Southern Agrarian group, especially Tate and Ransom. Like Frost, they used traditional verse forms but refined them in a contrarian way to express modern themes of personal and cosmic loneliness, quest, existential irony, and our complicated relations with history and nature. Parini is surely right that Frost was a New England agrarian individualist. In a footnote, he discloses that Frost's wife Elinor hated the New Deal even more than he did.

Parini has made a valuable addition to our understanding of this great and very complicated poet. **NR**

Dollars and Sense

STEPHEN MOORE

The Greedy Hand: How Taxes Drive Americans Crazy and What to Do About It, by Amity Shlaes (Random House, 255 pp., $22.95)

AFTER 15 years of futile attempts to shrink the federal budget, I've become convinced that Milton Friedman was right: The only way to limit government is to starve the beast. Tax collections provide sustenance to the nanny state in Washington. Yet even after four and a half years of a Republican Congress, federal tax payments have lurched ahead by more than a half-trillion dollars. Federal taxes as a share of our incomes are now heftier than under Jimmy Carter—and the burden will grow again next year, and the year after that.

Along comes Amity Shlaes with a marvelous yet dispiriting treatise on our cradle-to-grave tax system. A *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer, she has a special talent that makes her unique among financial and economic writers: She actually makes taxation semi-interesting.

The theme is simple: The greedy hand of government "thrusting itself into every corner crevice of industry" is never satisfied with its take. (The metaphor of the "greedy hand" comes from Thomas Paine.) The payroll tax alone, paid by every McDonald's french-fry flicker or Wal-Mart checkout clerk, is higher than the original 7 percent income-tax rate applied only to the super-rich robber barons back in the early years of the century, when this evil extraction was invented.

Shlaes takes us on a magical mystery tour through the modern labyrinth of tax levies: federal income taxes, business taxes, marriage taxes, retirement taxes, death taxes, state use taxes, state sales taxes, unemployment insurance taxes, liquor taxes, tobacco taxes, local and state property taxes, baby-sitter taxes. By the end you just want to renounce your United States citizenship, move to Monte Carlo, and live the life of a tax refugee.

Once upon a time, tax refugees used to come here to dodge such burdensome levies. Two hundred years ago, anti-tax fanaticism was so intense on this continent that a nickel stamp tax helped incite a war. King George III is reported to have quipped that the colonists had gained their independence by fighting against taxation without representation, "but let's see how they like taxation *with* representation."

I have long suspected, and my suspicions are confirmed by this book, that the American tax tyranny was created not so much by the Sixteenth Amendment (which established the income tax) but rather by the World War II invention of the withholding tax. This supposedly temporary tax was never repealed. "As 1944 and 1945 passed with taxpayers obediently accepting their smaller checks," explains Shlaes, "the lawmakers got to work on the blueprints of their postwar projects. Withholding would indeed do more than fund the occupation of Germany or victory over Japan." And voilà . . . the Great Society.

Shlaes reminds us that the tax code itself has become a method of intolerable social control. The Internal Revenue Code is now eight times longer than the Bible. The Republican tax bill of 1997 added hundreds of new pages: highly profitable for the lobbying industry. For every ten new words, Washington law firms add one more influence peddler, according to Shlaes's calculations.

The Greedy Hand is crammed with marvelous vignettes of how modern tax policy fiddles with the most private aspects of our lives. For example, did you know that the Social Security tax discriminates heavily against working women? The rule is one Social Security pension per household. So if a woman works outside the home and provides an income in addition to her husband's, her 15 percent payroll tax is poured down the trust-fund rat hole. Now where are feminists when we really need them?

Here's another example: We have all

Mr. Moore, an NR contributing editor, is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

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heard repeatedly of late about the marriage penalty and how it encourages young people to shack up. Matrimony can mean an instant tax hike of $1,000 to $3,000 per year. What is not well known is that some of the biggest financial victims of the marriage penalty are senior citizens. Shlaes argues that this explains why more widowers than ever before are now choosing to live in sin during their retirement years. If Grandpa remarries, he and his live-in "lady friend" must surrender a larger portion of their fixed incomes to the IRS.

One comes away from this book convinced that the next great tax revolt will be incited by property taxes and the Robin Hood school-financing schemes

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The Internal Revenue Code is now eight times longer than the Bible.

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that are now all the rage across the states. Suburban parents care intensely about the quality of their public schools. And they are generally willing to pay heavily for them. What they are not willing to do is pay high property taxes for someone else's kids' school. Even in liberal, yuppie Vermont, the latest spread-the-wealth school-refinancing scheme has sparked a local civil war over the issue.

So what advice does *The Greedy Hand* offer if we wish to fix the tax mess? I should recuse myself from this discussion, since Shlaes shows the good sense of endorsing a tax-reform strategy I recently proposed in the *Wall Street Journal*. I call it the Alternative Maximum Tax. The idea is simply to offer Americans a tax choice: the current convoluted tax system or a voluntary 20 percent postcard-return alternative with no deductions whatsoever. The Alternative Maximum Tax "has the power to muffle Gucci Gulch's roar, to expose the lobbies of the current code as dispensable." I couldn't have said it better myself.

This book surely won't cheer you up. It will make you angry, and perhaps even convert you into an anti-tax warrior. We'll need many more of those if we are ever going to lower and simplify taxes. **NR**

Tyranny Lite

MATTHEW SCULLY

Freedom in Chains: The Rise of the State and the Demise of the Citizen, by James Bovard (St. Martin's, 326 pp., $26.95)

THE dust jacket to James Bovard's *Freedom in Chains* lists a dozen high federal officials who have "publicly denounced" the author's writings, from the FBI director to the secretary of agriculture. Bovard, a correspondent for *The American Spectator* and contributor to *Playboy*, earned these distinctions by a rare willingness to slog through government reports, budgets, hearing transcripts, and highway bills to expose fraud and waste in federal programs most of us have never even heard of. It takes diligence, and has left Bovard with a visceral distrust of government you don't get from philosophy books.

He earned his rebuke from the FBI by investigating the federal raids at Waco and Ruby Ridge, and he sees in those events only the most dramatic proof that "the threat of government punishment increasingly permeates everyday life." Picking up where his 1994 *Lost Rights* left off, Bovard tells us that the IRS wrongfully collects some $7 billion in penalties a year, "more than is stolen by all the burglars and robbers [in America] combined." The average citizen pays almost 40 percent of his income to the government. Federal regulations, which multiplied even during the Reagan years, threaten livelihoods and the right to property, giving government "additional prerogatives . . . to trammel, shackle, and punish."

Drug-enforcement laws have led to abuses of police power, spreading "like a computer virus through the statute books." Federal attempts to regulate the Internet have "made it a felony for 17-year-old teenagers to exchange by e-mail the same type of zesty love letters that teenagers have sent each other since at least the time of Romeo and Juliet."

Bovard reminds us over and over again that government always comes down to coercion—the gun—and the state can grow only at the expense of individual freedom. "The greater the state's legal superiority over the citizen," he writes, "the closer the citizen is to a slave. . . . Political slavery is revealed at those moments when the paths of the citizen and the state cross, and the citizen suddenly becomes aware of his complete insignificance."

Waco had a big influence on Bovard, and often he writes as if law-enforcement officers were a greater menace to the average citizen than criminals. If his point were simply that the caliber of personnel even at the FBI isn't what it used to be (though your average G-man or cop on the beat is still a pretty good character), one would have to agree. But he goes well beyond that, to the point of exaggeration.

I agree with him that laws against marijuana are a massive waste of time and money. But you can still avoid all the legal traps Bovard describes by steering clear of marijuana and other illegal drugs, just as the folks at Waco could have avoided their grief by steering clear of stupid cults or as most of us avoid no-knock ATF raids by not turning our homes into arsenals. In Bovard's libertarian vision of the world, all the evildoers work for the government—there are only innocent citizens trodden upon by malevolent government agents, never just foolish people who bring their troubles on themselves. Like the title itself, *Freedom in Chains* is a little overwrought, reading for stretches as if composed during a long wait at the local DMV: "When law itself is the means by which the citizen is stripped of the fruits of his labor, confined to ever narrower portions of his own existence, and subjugated to a thousand insect authorities—then 'freedom under the law' means simply freedom by submitting to your worst enemy."

There is a point where the libertarian streak of the Right meets the libertine streak of the Left in a chorus of whining against government intrusion, as for example on the question of Internet regulation. "Zesty love letters," his term for threatened speech on the Internet, is libertarian-ese for pornography circulated by the Romeos at NAMBLA and others

Mr. Scully is an NR contributing editor.

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who are not coerced nearly enough by government.

Supreme Court rulings on police procedure have been generally "salutary" in protecting individual freedom, Bovard argues. But it would be hard to think of a more coercive act by government than the exclusionary rule, a contrivance Bovard seems to approve of (though it is nowhere to be found in the Fourth Amendment) and that in the name of individual rights leaves people free to be attacked or murdered by criminals loosed upon society by the state. As evidence that we don't need federally protected wilderness areas, he writes, "The proliferation of contracts for hunting on private land [shows] that, with a sound incentive system, access to private land can easily be negotiated." In practice this free-market approach to conservation has made a giant industry of canned hunting, allowing every lout who pays his fees to shoot fenced-in and usually baited wildlife.

Bovard is right, of course, to warn against "the moral glorification of the state." But the glorification of autonomous man has a few problems of its own. When he gets around to explaining his own credo the quotes start pouring forth from the likes of Emerson, Thoreau, and John Stuart Mill—not my idea of sound moral guides. "A free society," writes Bovard, "gives people the chance to be their own disciplinarians. Liberty permits each person to build his own moral utopia or to wallow in his own moral squalor, to live according to his own moral values or lack thereof." True enough, and doubtless his *Playboy* readers would agree, except that the squalor has a way of spreading into a tyranny all its own, and typically it's the wallowers who call on the coercive powers of the state to hold their neighbors at bay.

Still, the book offers a principled and often eloquent vision of the minimalist state. There is an integrity to it, and it is always refreshing to find a man who takes his freedom straight. Only he ought to go easier on the talk about chains and shackles and slavery. Even with all the taxes, meddlesome regulations, and officious bureaucrats, the slaves still have it mighty good here, and a country where you can make a living writing books like *Freedom in Chains* can't be all that bad. **NR**

Savage Truth

RICHARD BROOKHISER

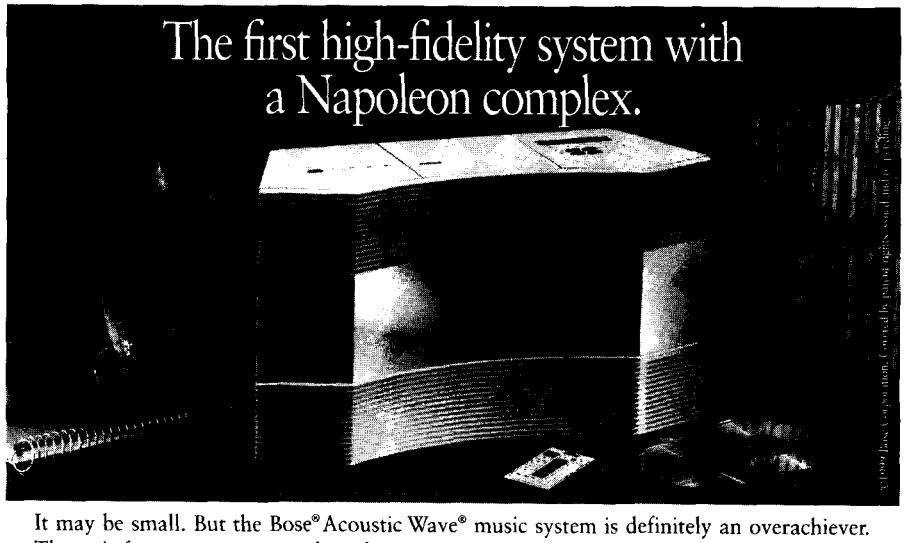
The Earth Shall Weep: A History of Native America, by James Wilson (Atlantic, 496 pp., $27)

WHAT do you call the aboriginal inhabitants of North America? "Indians" brings to mind athletic teams, Jeep Cherokees, and westerns. "Native Americans" evokes red-skinned Thoreaus and New Age drumming ceremonies. James Wilson, the British author of *The Earth Shall Weep*, uses both terms for lack of better, though he doesn't much like either. "What unites them," he says, is an assumption that Indians are "exotic relic[s] of some earlier stage that we have passed through: either . . . a kind of primitive anarchy that we have overcome (in nature, in ourselves) or an innocent Golden Age that we have forfeited through greed and destructiveness." He wants instead to show Indians as very much alive, and to recount their past in all its variety.

Wilson is foiled at the outset by the Indians' lack of written records. This tilts his book to the last 400 years of white–Indian contact—as if a history of Japan began with St. Francis Xavier and Commodore Perry. Even in that restricted slice of time, American Indians showed an array of cultures, from cities with tens of thousands in the Southwest and the Mississippi Valley, to hardscrabble scavenging on the Great Plains.

The first and most devastating effect of European–Indian contact was disease, particularly smallpox. Illnesses borne by passing traders ran ahead of settlers and soldiers; the mortality rates in populations without immunity were

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR senior editor, is author most recently of *Alexander Hamilton, American*.



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often higher than in Hiroshima after the atom bomb. The enfeeblement and despair caused by such outbreaks meant that Indians were reeling even before the challenge of direct encounter.

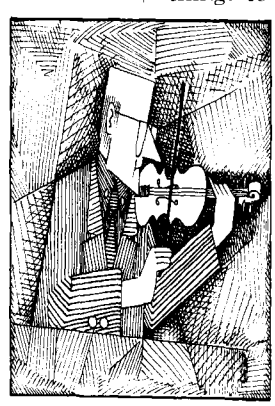
Whites pursued various strategies in dealing with their new neighbors. Franciscan missionaries in the Southwest were impressed by the hierarchical societies of the pueblos, co-opting what seemed to them anticipations of Roman Catholic practice. At the opposite extreme, the settlers who blitzed into California after the Gold Rush pursued a policy of extermination. Wilson quotes the judgment of a 19th-century historian that the state lacked "a single Indian war bordering on respectability." The usual pattern was a two-step of land hunger on the part of whites, followed by conflict. Battle for battle, the Indians fought well. Some tribes and leaders, such as the Iroquois, and the Shawnee chief Tecumseh, showed real diplomatic and military flair. But overall the Indians lost every war to the weight of numbers.

Battle for battle, the Indians fought well. But overall they lost every war to the weight of numbers.

After victory, some whites tried new strategies. Richard Pratt, an Army captain who had commanded Cherokee scouts, wanted to give the vanquished the Christian religion and the 3 Rs. John Collier, a free spirit of the lost generation who became Franklin Roosevelt's Commissioner of Indian Affairs, wanted to send the Indians back to their shamans.

Various Indian nations tried various means of coping with their new situation. The Plains Indians rode into history on the backs of Spanish horses, while the Cherokees, who originally lived in the old Southeast, adopted slavery, newspapers, and other white ways. A recurring pattern in different societies was a prophetic dream, rebuking the visionary and his people for abandoning their old customs. There would follow a neo-traditionalist revival, sometimes deluded—as in the belief of Great Plains ghost dancers that they would be immune to bullets; sometimes quite practical—the Seneca prophet Handsome Lake preached temperance, after recovering from an alcoholic coma.

If North America had remained a stage for contending European empires, some Indians might have held on to spectral independence as client "states," like the maharajahs of British India. But an expansionist republic was destined to overwhelm them (one of the causes of the Revolutionary War was the British attempt to keep Americans east of the Alleghenies, and out of the territory of their Indian allies). As America's sense of itself frays away into multiculturalism, now might be the time for Indians who wish to remain distinct to seize some room to maneuver, though all they have managed to do so far is open casinos. Video poker may be a poetically apt answer to fire water, but surely the Great Spirit has loftier goals for His children than pandering to white vices. Many Native Americans, meanwhile, will prefer to become plain Americans, assimilating culturally or genetically. John Randolph of Roanoke was part Indian; so is Jesse Jackson.



Wilson should have included the native peoples of Alaska in his survey: The Aleut experience with Russian fur trappers and Orthodox missionaries covers the gamut. He should also have worked harder to free himself from noble-savage myths. He tells us that the Anasazi of the Southwest made "spectacular" baskets and pots, but not (as a recent *New Yorker* article reports) that they were tyrannical cannibals. Still, *The Earth Shall Weep* is a useful introduction to a rich subject. Indians' "experience over the last five centuries has been a story of almost unimaginable pain and suffering," Wilson concludes, "but also of extraordinary transformation and rebirth. The wily, shapeshifting, contradictory, heroic trickster, whom many contemporary Indians regard as the key motif of Native American culture, will surprise us again." **NR**

■ OBSERVER ■

Forget About It

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

I WAS looking forward to *Stolen Years*, the new PBS documentary on Soviet labor camps. "To be aired March 4th," said the notice in my newspaper. On that day I located the TV listings and went looking for the program. Not there. I checked back through the week's schedule: My local PBS affiliate had aired the program on March 2.

Hoping for a repeat, I carefully went over the next week's listings when they arrived that Sunday. Nope; the only things being repeated were *The Puerto Ricans: Our American Story* and something called *Suze Orman: The Courage To Be Rich* ("valuing and respecting money . . . "). I checked the entire country's listings on the Internet: The only repeat was on satellite TV, which I don't have, at 3 A.M., when I have better things to do. I guess I missed my one shot at *Stolen Years*. I doubt I shall get a second chance. From my small number of encounters with PBS execs, I don't imagine *Stolen Years* is the kind of thing to fire them with enthusiasm—certainly not when there is stuff on hand like *The Courage To Be Rich*. In any event, I suspect that the SPCDH is by now on the case.

It was the late Arthur Koestler who alerted us to the existence of the SPCDH. In 1967 Koestler published a book called *The Ghost in the Machine*, in which he put forward a theory of human nature entirely at odds with the Behaviorism that had dominated academic psychology through the middle years of this century. Koestler believed that naïve Behaviorism—the

Mr. Derbyshire, an NR contributing editor, is author of the novel *Seeing Calvin Coolidge in a Dream*.

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soulless, rat-in-a-maze ideology of Watson and Skinner—lay just beneath the surface of current theory, even though it was hard to find any psychologist willing to defend it. In an appendix, Koestler warned the reader to expect that academic psychologists reviewing his book would ridicule him for supposing that Behaviorism still held sway. Behaviorism (they would say) was all old hat. Nobody took it seriously anymore. Ancient history, that stuff; psychology had moved on. "Mr. Koestler, I am afraid, is flogging a dead horse"—such, Koestler predicted (correctly, of course), would be the academic response. He went on to infer the existence of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dead Horses, whose mission was to discourage the airing of historical embarrassments by pouring scorn on those who aired them—floggers of dead horses.

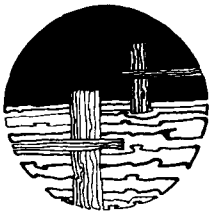
I don't think I am being over-suspicious in seeing the fell hand of the

■

Mao's Cultural Revolution was best forgotten, everyone explained to me patiently. Why bring it up?

■

SPCDH in PBS's low-key approach to *Stolen Years*. The Society has always been very active in defense of Stalin. Koestler, himself an ex-Communist, observed that the *Vozhd* was hardly cold in his mausoleum before the SPCDH began issuing notices that anyone with the bad taste to bring up collectivization, the purge trials, or the Nazi–Soviet Pact would be flogging a dead horse: The Soviets had long since "moved on" from all that. Members of the Society were similarly mobilized in behalf of Mao Tse-tung, another favorite dead horse. When I was studying Chinese in London a mere four years after Mao had passed from the scene, one of my lecturers gave us a passage from the Chairman's works to construe. I stood up in class to object, on the grounds that the assignment would contribute to the legitimization of a mass murderer. Several of my classmates—closet members of the SPCDH, I am sure—chided me for bringing up things that had been dealt with long before. I should get over it, they told me. I should move on. In China itself the following year, I learned that the slogan of the hour was *ji wang bu jiu*: Let bygones be bygones. Mao's Great Cultural Revolution was best forgotten, everyone explained to me patiently. People were sick of hearing about it. Why bring it up? Clearly the SPCDH had planted moles at the highest levels of the Chinese Communist Party.



There is no use pretending that the SPCDH is impartial in its selection of expired equines in need of protection. You may whack away at Hitler and Mussolini all you like—the Society will not raise a peep. (Though the Japanese chapter has been vigorous in insisting that discussion of whatever it was their country's armed forces did from 1931 to 1945 is utterly *de trop*.) So it is with the late Senator Joe McCarthy: I venture to speculate that a thorough search of one of those news-media databases would yield zero instances of a commentator urging his readers to "move on" from obsessing about McCarthyism.

The SPCDH has been out in force these last few months in defense of President Clinton. His Senate acquittal may, indeed, be the Society's greatest triumph. Under the guidance (I have no doubt) of SPCDH-supplied advisors, the White House succeeded in turning—sometimes in a matter of days!—each successive embarrassment into a dead horse. By the time the president came to trial, the streets of Washington, D.C., were littered with the corpses of these unfortunate quadrupeds, which only the most compulsive of sado-necrophiliacs—someone like Ken Starr, say—would wish to continue thrashing. I expect the Society to remain in a state of heightened vigilance through the rest of Clinton's term. Whitewater? The Travel Office? Campaign contributions from China? Lewinsky? Good heavens, do you think anyone still cares about all that? Sorry, old boy—you're just flogging a dead horse. **NR**

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■ ART ■

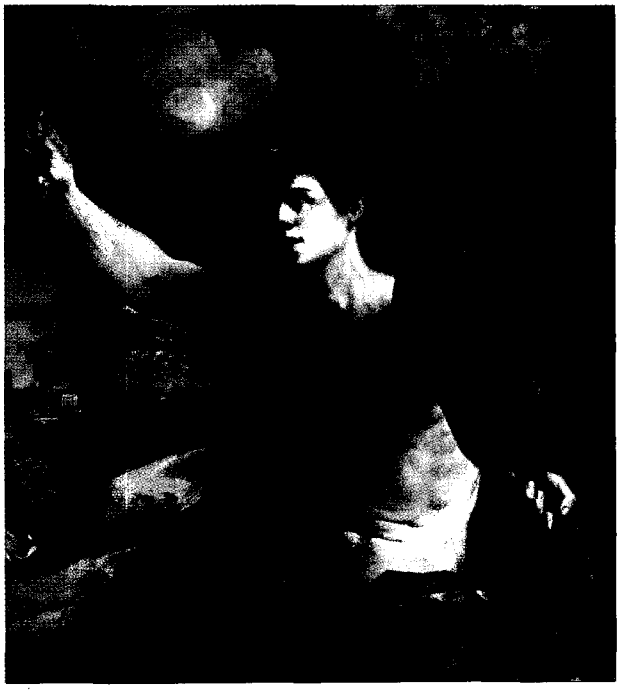
Raphael on Acid

JAMES GARDNER

DOSSO DOSSI was not the strangest painter of his generation—that honor is shared by Rosso Fiorentino and Domenico Beccafumi—but he came very close indeed. A kind of Michelangelo on speed or Raphael on acid, he produced some of the oddest and most eccentric images of his time. Court painter to the worldly and sybaritic Alonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, he was a friend of Ariosto, the great poet who in one inspired moment sends the paladin Astolfo flying to the moon on a chestnut mare. And there is something similarly lunar in the works of this mooncalf Dosso, a nocturnal mystery that shrouds even his depictions of day. More than with any of his contemporaries, night always seems to be falling across Dosso's canvasses, whether in the stormy skies over his *Saint George* (in Dresden) or in the almost radioactive *Holy Family* (in the collection of the Queen). In the *Costabili Polyptych*, Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustine are both provided with their own full moons, suspended a few feet above their weirdly glowing heads.

Dosso (c. 1479–1592), the subject of a fine exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York that moves next to the Getty in Malibu, was one of the foremost proponents of what is known as Mannerism. And it has been fashionable for some time to view this movement as a kind of Modernism *ante litteram*, a style that, in its highly eccentric response to the political and religious convulsions of the 16th century, presaged the pictorial liberties of our own time. Yet this notion is inaccurate: Dosso's choice of subject was prompted by the whims of his patron, and his abundant symbolism by the intellectual preoccupations of court scholars.

More important, Dosso, like his contemporaries, forges an original style from the flotsam of artistic possibilities present in the environment in which he works. As a provincial painter in Ferrara, he hears only muffled reverberations of the great events of the artistic capitals: Venice, Florence, and Rome. And as these influences reach him, they are oddly transformed in their transit and then further transmuted in the crucible of his highly erratic temperament. Somehow, everything in the European painting of his day seems to wash up sooner or later on the shores of his art. Correggio is there in the lighting of a face. Figures express now the effeteness of the Antwerp Mannerists, now the statuesque sublimity of Michelangelo.



Apollo (*c. 1524*)

The landscapes shift from the Venetian *campagna* of Giorgione to the Martian terrain of the Danube School.

As befitted the tastes of his worldly patron, Dosso is one of the least religious artists of his time. The first image that one sees on entering the exhibition is the famous depiction of Circe, decked out in gorgeous robes of russet and ultramarine. A pagan sensibility is further elaborated in Dosso's *Allegory with Pan* and in his rendering of *Hercules and the Pygmies*. But perhaps its most charming incarnation of all is the allegorical *Jupiter, Mercury, and Virtue*, in which the father of the gods can be seen painting the wings onto butterflies.

Dosso is an artist of several potent if disparate virtues. First of all, he is one of the most committed colorists of the first half of the 16th century. He loves gorgeous interplays of gold and pink that emerge from a shimmering black background. In his landscapes, he is one of the pioneers of the color green, a hue that had surprisingly little currency in the art of his time. Though he is not famous as a portraitist, there is real psychological penetration in his portrayal of the Sibyl, and real beauty in his depiction of the trappings of wealth and swagger in his Raphaelesque *Portrait of a Man* (National Museum, Stockholm).

Dosso is also a master of drapery, which he usually depicts as a brilliant afterthought, set in an intense light and held aloft by a strong wind. You find it in the titular figure of the *Allegory of Fortune*, otherwise nude, as well as in the depiction of Mercury in the painting referred to above. Unexpectedly, Dosso is a master of anatomy too. This is often overlooked, because so many of his figures appear impossibly fleshy and round-shouldered. But his gift for depicting the vitality of flesh, for suggesting muscle and organs beneath pink epidermis, is, at its best, almost without parallel in the art of the period.

All of these virtues are summed up in what may be his masterpiece, the *Apollo*, from the Galleria Borghese in Rome. To revive a trope from the art writing of the time, you can almost hear the strings of the viola trembling still as the god concludes his music. He raises his bow in the air in a gesture of dramatic finality that forms a compelling X shape. The musculature of the torso is easily the best thing Dosso ever produced in this regard, and rarely in the Cinquecento has the color green been used to such memorable effect. Unfortunately, the painting is in the catalogue but not actually on view. Nevertheless, it suggests what pictorial pleasures await the visitor to this fascinating exhibition. **NR**

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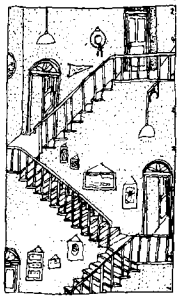
■ TRAVEL ■

Châteaux and Silkworms

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

EUROPEAN WATERWAYS advertises its barge trip in the Loire Valley with an enchanting picture of the hotel barge *Nymphea* gliding under the graceful arches of the Château de Chenonceaux. It is reminiscent of the wonderful opening scene in *The Lion in Winter*, in which Eleanor of Aquitaine (Katharine Hepburn), released from prison for Christmas, is rowed ashore at Chinon and Henry II (Peter O'Toole) leaps into the river Loire to greet her.

Well, I'm here to tell you that there isn't enough water in much of the Loire to keep a canoe afloat, let alone a hotel barge, so the river we will be sailing in the Loire country is the river Cher. It was just two years ago that the Cher became navigable, when the government brought back into operation eight locks and spillways that had stopped functioning half a century before. Plans are to raise the water level further in the near future, but now just 20 miles of the Cher are navigable and the *Nymphea*, a small barge that carries only six passengers and draws only four feet of water, is the only pleasure boat of any sort on the river.



The cabins are tiny. My sister Jane and I have one small hanging closet and a drawer each under our bunks, but when Jane's drawer is out, mine is blocked. The accommodations are so tight that our luggage is taken ashore for storage and Michelle, the talented British cook, and Caroline, the entrancing French stewardess, both room ashore. This is adventure writ small.

Led by our captain and tour director, an insatiably curious, curly-haired Brit named Rupert who speaks fluent French, we visit a vineyard at Thesée where a brother and sister who own 30-odd hectares (about 75 acres) are deep in the harvest. When the wine has been bottled it will be stored in the limestone caves and galleries that were hollowed out of the hills of Touraine. From the 12th to the 17th century local miners quarried blocks of the creamy white limestone—*tuffeau*—to build first churches and town halls and later the châteaux that dot the Loire Valley. These caves, and the uses to which they are now put, prove as fascinating as the châteaux themselves.

This afternoon we sail from Montrichard, under whose looming ruined walls we anchored last night, through the low arches of a 4th-century Roman bridge to Saint-Aignan-sur-Cher. The sun is out. Trees lean gracefully over the towpath, the leaves of the alders turning silver in the brisk breeze. Like a Mississippi River pilot of old, Rupert knows his river—where to take a bend wide, where to hug the bank, where to gun the motor to push us over a sandbar. We bump once or twice, but nothing serious.

We moor, and Michelle and Rupert take us in a minibus to Saint-Aignan, an important pilgrimage site in the Middle Ages. One highlight is a marvelous Romanesque church, untouched by the destructive religious wars of the 16th and 17th centuries. Inside, the crypt where pilgrims gathered has rare and well-preserved 11th- and 12th-century frescoes. It is quiet, and moving.

Back on board, it is down to the saloon for another of Michelle's extraordinary meals, prepared in the tiny galley with seeming ease and great good nature. In charming accented English, Caroline explains where each bottle of wine comes from, what are the qualities that make it special, and what kind of grapes went into it, and then pours a few drops into my brother Jim's glass. He will be the official taster this evening. Dinner tonight starts with *foie gras* and *confit de canard*, followed by lamb chops with *pommes dauphines*, onion, and vegetables with just a hint of mint in them. Our eyes gleam at the sight of dessert: *poire Hélène*, a baked pear with chocolate custard sauce. Afterward, it is back upstairs to the lounge for the after-dinner coffee and chocolates, and then very soon to

(Continued on page 61)

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PERSONAL

QUESTION OF THE DAY: DO PERSONAL ADS REALLY WORK?

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Bottom line? This coming July, **Mary Boots** and **George DeAngelo, Jr.** are to be married in Anchorage. All of us at the magazine—and surely the entire *NR* extended family—join in wishing **George** & **Mary** a lifetime of wedded bliss.

And the moral of this joyous story? Simply put, it could happen to *you*. So if you're looking for Mr. or Miss Right, do the Right Thing: Place your personal ad in NATIONAL REVIEW, and wedding bells may soon be ringing in *your* ears!

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P. L. BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 59)

bed, the lights in the lounge too dim to read or play cards by.

The following afternoon it is back to the cliffs and the stone galleries. In them we see how the champagne of the Loire Valley is made and stored, one million bottles maturing there in the cliffs. Lighted by miners' lamps, we tramp through gallery after gallery of a mushroom farm—gray, brown, white, and pink mushrooms—and are told that a certain variety of mushroom must be soundly whacked to start the germination process.

On the last day we visit a charming young man named Laurent in the town of Bourré who tells us that he was born a "troglodyte" but is one no longer. He laughs at our puzzled faces. Troglodytes, he explains, live in chambers hollowed out of the rock. Indeed, we have noticed smoke curling from chimneys protruding from hillsides, and plate-glass windows with lace curtains in the living walls of stone.

These days, Laurent owns a vineyard, raises chickens, and grows endives on the side. But what interests us most is his silkworm farm. The temperature in the caves, 12 Celsius, is perfect for raising silkworms. Once hatched they eat mulberry and ash leaves voraciously, and in a remarkably short time—three weeks—their original weight has multiplied a thousand times, and they start to weave their cocoons. Just before the butterflies emerge, the cocoons are plunged in boiling water. Laurent picks one end of a silk thread from a cocoon, fastens it to a rotary frame, and starts to unravel it. A single cocoon will yield two kilometers of thread. When Pope John Paul II visited Tours in 1997 he was presented with a chasuble woven entirely from silk raised in the area.

Looking around at his domain, the galleries in which his wine is maturing, the stone rooms from which the building blocks were cut, and his silkworm operation, Laurent grins: "As you can see, our ancestors were versatile people. They quarried the stones to build the castles the kings lived in, produced the wine to warm their hearts, and spun the silk to clothe their bodies."

On the little *Nymphea*, on the only 20 miles of the Cher that are navigable, we've ended up learning more about the château country than the millions who visit its lavish regal châteaux every year, thanks chiefly to Rupert's lively curiosity and engaging enthusiasm. But we have also, thanks to Michelle and Caroline, eaten and drunk right royally. **NR**

■ BOOKS IN BRIEF ■

Publish and Perish, by Sally S. Wright (Ballantine, 214 pp., $5.99)

FOR mystery readers who like to get in on the ground floor with a new author, may I present Sally Wright? Her detective, Ben Reese, is by vocation an academic archivist. He is also a war hero (World War II, military intelligence), a widower (who to his dismay finds that he cannot accurately recall the lineaments of his beloved Jessie's face), and a man who greatly enjoys his friends' quirks and quiddities. Not least those of a colleague at Alderton University, Richard West, who starts the novel by getting himself killed. Richard has been named chairman of the English department over a senior colleague who fully expected to get the job. Richard's greatest joy (even greater than cooking and eating) is following an argument to its conclusion; he is only vaguely aware that those who don't share his intellectual excitement frequently see his doggedness as a personal attack. There thus prove to be a fair number of people who have a grudge against Richard. But is a grudge sufficient motive for murder? Ben at one point reflects that when he knew why Richard and another person had been killed, he would know who had done it. Lord Peter Wimsey, in a similar circumstance, says, "When you've got How you've got Who." But Ben is not indulging in nebulous psychologizing, nor is Sally Wright. She plays fair with her clues. She also takes us through scenes of physical agony and moral squalor, domestic tranquility and down-to-earth common sense; and when the murderer is finally run to ground—still blaming everyone but himself for what he has done—"why" falls into place with "how." —LINDA BRIDGES

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Victory or Else?

NEW YORK, APRIL 6

THE mantra is that having gone as far as we have in Kosovo, we can't settle for anything less than victory. An imposing panel assembled by Lehrer the Indispensable gave us Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Brent Scowcroft. They said many shrewd things, which included a devastating enumeration of President Clinton's defective strategies. But all of them insisted that we had now no alternative than to see the operation through.

The question is intellectually and, of course, geostrategically interesting. Having gotten to this point, do we need to accept the proposition that there is no alternative to victory?

1. We have lost the war we set out to win. The estimate as of yesterday, Day 13 of the bombing, was that the remaining ethnic Albanians would be routed out of Kosovo in five days. Already 1.1 million are displaced. There is zero prospect that in the next four days the remaining Serbs in Kosovo can be got to stop in their tracks and head back home, either because they are now dead; or because they are forced by NATO military to abandon their objective.

2. What would we then do with the refugees? The infrastructure of their lives is gone: their homes burned down, the farmland laid waste, schools and hospitals destroyed. A huge number of household heads are missing, many of them executed. In the past three weeks in Kosovo we have come close to deracination: a people uprooted. There is less talk among serious people about getting the Kosovars back to their homeland than about getting them settled in places like Guam.

3. Since we have lost the purpose of the war, which was to safeguard the Kosovar population in place, we ask then, What should we accomplish for the refugees? The answer is obvious: We must find new homes for them. What can we do to straighten out the aggressors?

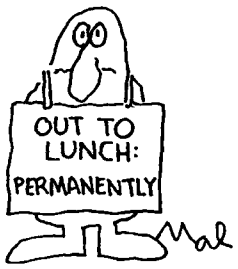
Well, to invoke the military discipline of starting out at the extreme end of technically doable things and working down to the other extreme (do nothing), a) we could drop an atom bomb on Belgrade.

Are we going to do that? No. b) We could treat Belgrade in the way we treated Dresden and Tokyo in the Second World War, which is to say, all but obliterate it. Our idea of war changed drastically between 1918 and 1942. In the first war 90 percent of casualties were military. In the second, 50 percent were military, 50 percent civilian. Between 1945 and 1999 the Western conscience revolved against random killing, indeed against random damage. One reason we declined to bomb a particular building in Belgrade last week is that there was rumored to be a Rembrandt in it.

c) We could mobilize a ground force with instructions to fight its way either north through Kosovo to Belgrade, or down to Belgrade from Hungary. The figure most frequently given to accomplish this is 200,000 fighting troops.

What then would we do? Well, arrest Milosevic. We couldn't even get the satisfaction of stringing him up, inasmuch as Nuremberg justice is out of moral style. We could, eventually, give him life without possibility of parole. We would be left with the problem of governing Yugoslavia. The people of Croatia and Slovenia and Montenegro and Macedonia, who are a twitchy ethnic assembly, would have vital interests in what would then evolve.

And who would preside over the experience? President Clinton is awfully good at speaking at funerals. He would have a huge opportunity to do a lot of these. Granted, the United States would have a very black eye. We had gotten into the Balkan mess in order to prevent something from happening. It happened anyway. We made no serious provisions to anticipate the need to house the refugees, presumably because our goal was to circumvent any need for massive refugee problems. We didn't stop the Serbian soldiers and executioners in their tracks because we didn't have the right counterforces. We didn't have an army—we had only a peacekeeping force in Macedonia and life there was disrupted when three soldiers disappeared. We suddenly recognized an urgent need for Apache helicopters. Well, they weren't there, not in anything like the force required to do the job. They were in Germany. At least they were closer than the aircraft carrier it turns out we needed—the *Kitty Hawk* was doing business in Asia.



The hell of it is: In a well-governed society, we would make our expiation by getting rid of the disastrously incompetent commander in chief, as the British got rid of Eden after the fiasco in Suez in 1956. It is ironic that instead of doing that, and acknowledging the catastrophic dimensions of our venture in Yugoslavia, we are considering a "need" to press further, to accomplish nothing.

Term-Limits Suicide

NEW YORK, MARCH 16

CONSIDER term limits and Charles Canady. Let us posit that Americans are interested in politics on a scale running from A to E. A—Absolutely not interested. B—Barely interested. C—Concerned, though only with issues that directly affect them. D—Decidedly partisan on most issues. And E—Enthralled by every detail of political goings-on. E is Robert Novak, A is the 10-year-old trying to get into Little League, whose attention you could not entice even if a nuclear explosion went off, unless it postponed the ball game. Probably voters who run from C to E know Mr. Canady, primarily as one of the 13 House managers who appeared before the Senate.

During his four terms Charles Canady of Florida has been active in the movement to bar race and sex preferences. He is the chairman of a Judiciary subcommittee and has used that leverage to bring landmark legislation to the House floor. Kate O'Beirne's account of Mr. Canady and the implications of term limits is informative. Canady has sponsored the ban on partial-birth abortions that President Clinton persists in vetoing, has acted in behalf of a Defense of Marriage Act, private-property protection, lobby reform, prison reform, and the institutionalization of English as the official language. Plus, he has backed constitutional amendments on school prayer, tax limitation, flag burning, a balanced budget, and—term limits.

The drama here is that this earnest advocate of term limits is being hoist by his own petard. Because at the end of the current term, his pledge to stay in office for only eight years matures. The question is: Should he repeal his pledge?

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The A voters would not notice that he had made a pledge. Some of the Bs would pick it up. The Democratic Cs would vote against him, but then they probably would anyway. Republicans Es are begging him to run again. Democratic Es will make a great point of it that, if he runs, Charles Canady is acting in defiance of his own principles.

In terms of political prospects, the Republicans are disadvantaged. The reason is that twice as many Republicans pledge not to run again after the terms agreed on as Democrats. Another refinement asks: Is the candidate who pledged to limit his term a candidate who runs from a safe seat? Where that is the case, he can retire knowing that a congressman of his own party will replace him.

But even when that is the case, a self-term-limited congressman has to contend with his conscience, which may be at war with his sense of the public duty. "I will campaign for term limits for the rest of my life," said Oklahoma Rep. Tom Coburn. "The longer I've been here, the more I believe in it." And then to a shrewd observation: "Those not willing to keep their pledges provide evidence that they've already changed." A haunting charge.

What happened was a great movement, stillborn by the Supreme Court. In the '80s and '90s the consensus was quite rapidly forming that the country would be better off ruled by senators who, after twelve years, were ineligible to run again; and by congressmen who, after four terms, also returned to civilian life.

From the very beginning, there was a nagging problem in respect of individual legislators who had served so long as to have become institutions themselves. It is politically hard to devise a political program that has the effect of ejecting from the Senate Robert Byrd and Teddy Kennedy, or from the House, Henry Hyde and Charlie Rangel. If a master theorist with plenipotentiary power had been around, a Plato or a Rousseau, he might have ordained that anyone who has been a legislator for more than 20 years was grandfathered from the new rules.

The Supreme Court all but burned the movement out when it ruled in 1995 that neither the states nor the Congress has the authority to limit the number of congressional terms. Twenty-three states had at that point accepted term limitation. An assembly line was shaping up: Get enough states going and you will get reform done by Congress itself. But now, Congress was disabled by the Court, which means that the only way to go is to a Constitutional Convention. But such a convention is blocked by the indifference or animus to it by—such as Byrd, Kennedy, Hyde, Rangel.

Is it possible that self-disqualification by reason of having taken the pledge on term limits will reduce the Republican majority just past the majority mark? In 1998, eight Republican incumbents adopted the pledge, as did four incumbent Democrats. Among freshmen pledge-signers, there are seven Republicans and three Democrats. It would be ironic if those who strove for fidelity ended up being responsible for throwing Congress back to the professional despoilers.

Extra-Sexual Fooling Around

NEW YORK, MARCH 9

MAYBE they can get James Carville to say about nuclear-secrets-to-China that it's only about sex! We heard in bright college years the story of Einstein undertaking seriously to inform one student on the meaning of the fourth dimension. Einstein spends an entire afternoon at the blackboard and turns finally to the student, who says, "It reminds me of sex." Einstein despairs. The student consoles him. "That's okay. Everything reminds me of sex."

The White House line, of course, is that such loose security habits as are now complained of in fact evolved in the 1980s. Let us, however skeptical, assume that that is the case. It leaves unanswered the question why, when the lax security was detected, as also the plain dumb fact that a Chinese-American physicist had sold the keys to the nuclear kingdom to China, nothing was done about it. We know in general why nothing was done about it. Clinton and his team wanted money more than anything else in the world, in 1996. Actually, what they wanted more than anything else was the reelection of Clinton, to which end the White House became a theme park, including overnights in the Lincoln Bedroom.

So the *New York Times* blows the whistle in a lead story. And within 48 hours we hear from Peking a direct threat to any proposed counteraction aimed at regional security. Taiwan—Peking tells the world—is a part of China. Therefore any attempt to "protect" it by missile technology is an act of aggression against China's sovereignty.

Now what especially stings about Peking's reaction is that it's dismayingly true. If it is postulated that Taiwan is a province of China, then indeed we have no right to arm Taiwan. On a smaller scale, the same question is being raised in Yugoslavia. If Kosovo is a part of Serbia, then what right do we have to protect it from Serbian rule?

The situation is complicated on the moral/strategic plane for the reason that Taiwan too says that it is a part of China. For a good many years Taiwan did better than that: It said that China was a part of Taiwan. Or, more accurately, that the government of Taiwan was the legitimate government of the mainland. This line of course went nowhere, its pretension scraped across the unrelenting ground of reality. The modest proposal has been made, and is accepted by more and more Taiwanese, that the clear and elegant solution is for Taiwan to declare itself an independent state.

Now this is difficult in the nature of things, secession being a very difficult thing to bring off, as the American Confederates found out and the Kosovars bear witness to. But a paramount problem is the paradox of Mr. Clinton. On the one hand he is pledged, as heir to the Taiwan Relations Act, to defend Taiwan. On the other hand, he was last year in Peking and took great pains to affirm his belief that Taiwan was Chinese acreage.

So where do we go now?

If ever there was a need for a hard congressional investigation, it would surely be this situation in which, allegedly, nuclear secrets were stolen and given to an antagonist. China is not the enemy, as the USSR was, which publicly pledged itself to bury the United States and to conquer the world. But China is an antagonist in the sense that it pursues goals other than those harmonious with a peaceful world. We have to assume that a country that continues to persecute dissenters is threatened with instability. When you add in the factor of modern nuclearization, you are entitled to ask, What are others going to do about this development? We can't get our secrets back. Well, is it right to punish those who gave away those secrets? In the case of the Rosenbergs, we electrocuted them. The scientist who sold the secrets is not sitting around waiting for us to prosecute him. We are left to deal with junior players. They include the president, the security agencies that failed to call a halt to what was going on—and U.S. business interests.

We hoped the old taunt would not continue relevant, that an American capitalist would sell the Soviet Union the rope to hang us. The investigation we rightly call for would introduce to public exposure American capitalists who concerted in the transfer of equipment to Peking and who collusively failed to advertise that Peking was ordering from them components that could only be truly useful in making, or in threatening, war. To head such an investigation, Senator Phil Gramm would be the perfect choice. —UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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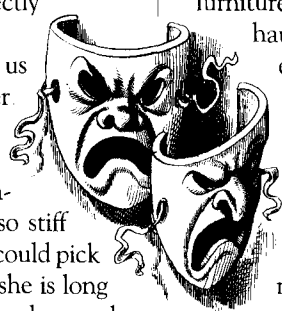
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

THE spirit of recycling in all its vainglory was expressed by John P. Marquand, author of *The Late George Apley*. He did not live to see recycling as we know it, but as a scion of Old Yankee Massachusetts he was an expert on the battier aspects of New England thrift.

Engraved on his mind was a boyhood chiding he received from an aunt. One day as he was cleaning out his desk he found half of an old pair of scissors, a single rusty blade with a single rusty thumbhole. He was about to toss it in the wastebasket when his shocked aunt told him that it would make a "perfectly good" letter opener.



This woman walks among us today. We have all heard her condescending voice, seen the high-cut nostrils of her long, thin nose flare with indignation, watched her go so stiff with righteousness that you could pick her up by her feet. Though she is long dead, she has been reincarnated—another form of recycling—as the star of a comedy of errors that has taken America by storm. The play is now in its sixth year and expected to run for ten more, so we might as well open the envelope. Ladies and gentlemen, the winner is . . . Al Gore in *Marquand's Aunt*!

The recycling movement has now passed through the cute good-citizen phase and progressed to the point where it is virtually impossible to throw anything out. I grew up in an apartment building where old appliances, venetian blinds, and the like were disposed of in one sentence: "Leave it out for the janitor." We put it beside our door and the next day it was gone. What the janitor did with it we neither knew nor cared; some janitors sold stuff for parts, some sold it by the pound to junk dealers, and Mr. Fix-It types had a nice little sideline in secondhand goods. Castoffs were an unwritten fringe benefit of being a janitor and everybody was happy.

The alternative was "Throw it down the incinerator." I would give anything for an incinerator now. They were a wonderful invention; there was one on each floor and all you had to do was walk down the hall. You could throw anything down them provided it fit, and if it didn't you could chop it up. We threw a whole armchair down the incinerator when my mother set fire to it with a cigarette. First the pillows, then the stuffing, then the wood a few pieces at a time, then the springs a few coils at a time, until it was all gone.

Our chair's cremated remains took up a lot less room than today's environmentally correct burials. To get rid of useless furniture today you must hire a trash hauler to take it to the landfill, or else take it yourself, provided you own a truck and, if a woman, can lift a bureau and don't mind driving to desolate places like landfills. Otherwise, you have to rent a truck and find two strong young men you aren't afraid to let into your home. The only guaranteed way to get rid of old stuff is to buy new stuff from a store that takes your old stuff to the landfill for free.

Then again, the landfill may not take it. Environmental guilt is so widespread that your landfill could be run by someone in the last stages of Marquand's Aunt syndrome. I bought a new air conditioner from a store that promised to take the old one off my hands. I thought it was a free service but they said they had to charge me $25 labor to take the condenser out before they would be allowed to throw the AC away; otherwise the landfill "wouldn't accept" it. Waste not, want not condensers.

My attic storage room is full of 15 years' worth of fritzed appliances and electric fans, but with neither janitor nor incinerator I am now faced with taking them unspayed to the landfill and finding out what it feels like to be rejected by a dump.

To encourage people to recycle cardboard, the garbagemen will not pick up cardboard boxes—but neither will the recycling truck. You have to cut them into flat pieces, which is why every hardware store now sells box cutters, a particularly vicious instrument once used only in warehouses but now de rigueur for every good little recycler—and the weapon of choice of preteen inner-city thugs who do not yet own guns, who would not now own box cutters if hardware stores did not stock them for good little recyclers.

The one item I was glad to recycle was newspapers, not for patriotic Gore but for personal convenience, but this too shall pass under a bureaucracy. You can't tie the papers with string and put them directly on the ground by the curb. You must use the recycling boxes provided by the city, which have themselves been recycled from what feels like old bus tires; they're heavy even when empty and their handles, instead of being rolled or flat, are so sharp that lifting a week's worth of three daily papers is like getting a good grip on oyster shells.

I have to take the box down first, then make two more trips with the papers, which intrigues the local liberals who teach at the college up the street from me, who gaze at my struggles from their car windows with quizzical, pensive expressions, obviously thinking, "How come *she's* recycling?" followed by, "Maybe she's not so bad after all."

RECYCLING as a political litmus test goes back to the late Fifties when Vance Packard published *The Waste Makers* and made "planned obsolescence" the buzzword of the decade. Packard, the darling of liberals since his earlier attack on advertising, *The Hidden Persuaders*, now became the darling of beatniks and other hippies-in-waiting eager to flaunt their capacity for needing nothing, wanting nothing, and living like the "real people," i.e., Europeans.

They hated anybody who bought anything and quoted Packard's findings on how much whipped cream went to waste in the bottom of the aerosol can because *They* want to *make* you buy more! Their heroes were people who took the trouble to puncture the can, like Packard's son, and get *all* of the whipped cream.

This is the spirit of recycling: little people elevating little virtues to make themselves look bigger. Welcome to the Age of Marquand's Aunt. **NR**

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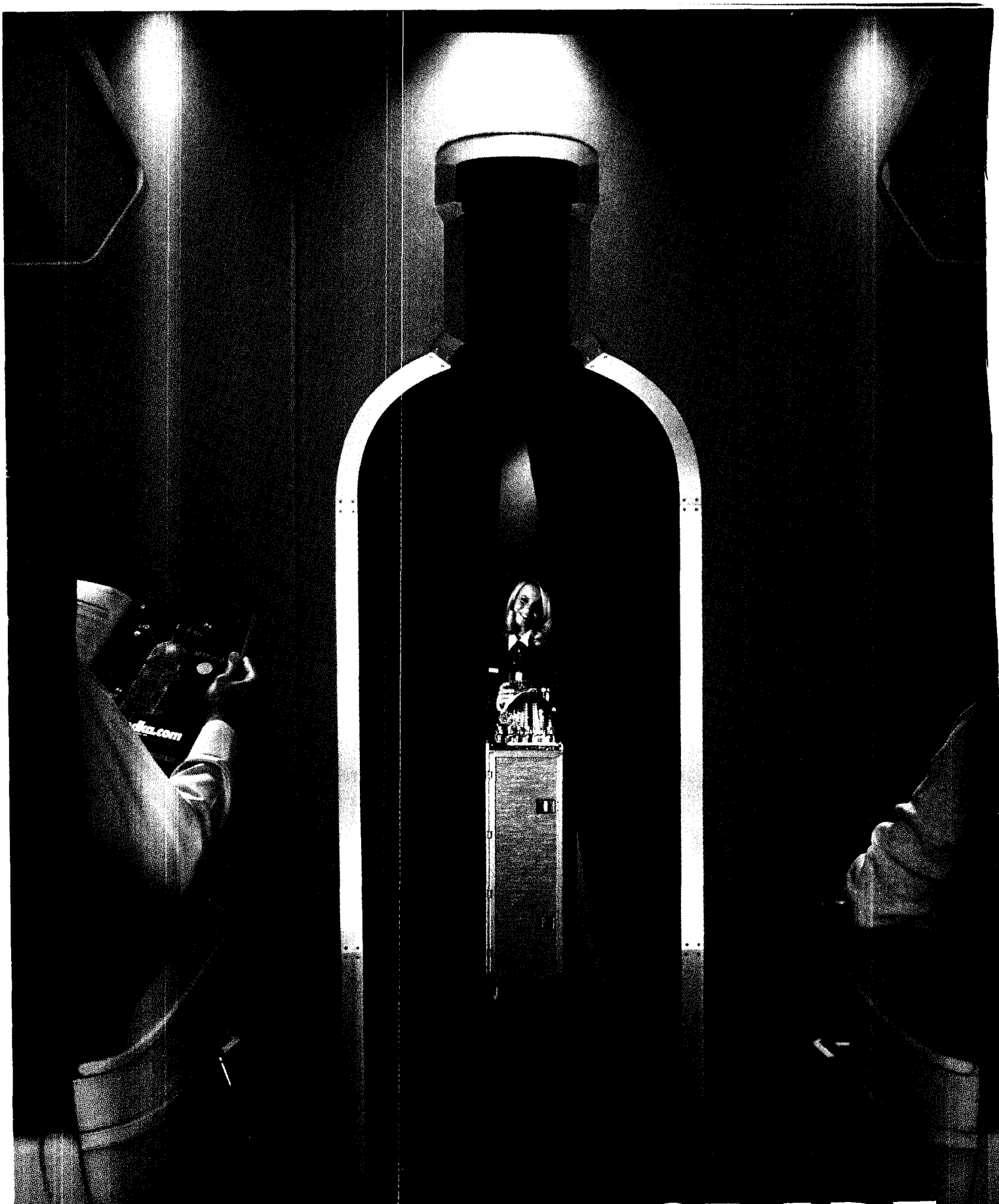

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